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[The Editor will be pleased to consider manuscripts if accompanied by stamped and addressed envelopes. He accepts no responsibility, however, for manuscripts submitted to him.]

Events of the Week.

THE second general strike with a purely political purpose opened in Belgium on Monday. The Russians secured by their effort the October Constitution, the Belgians hope to obtain an equal franchise system. Universal suffrage exists already for male adults, and there is proportional representation. But an ingenious system of plural voting ensures the dominance of the Clericalist middle class. A second vote is assigned to fathers of families of thirty-five years old and upwards, who own land or pay a small house-tax, and a further vote (making a possible three) is given to education, measured by a higher school certificate. Experience shows that the 42 per cent. of the voters who have plural votes can always outweigh the 58 per cent. who have only one. The last General Election, in spite of the Socialist-Liberal alliance, increased the Clerical majority in the Chamber, and since that demonstration a strike has been inevitable. Efforts were made by the Mayors of the nine largest towns to mediate, and to induce M. de Broqueville, the Premier, to make concession. A promise of an inquiry would probably have satisfied the Socialists for the moment, but after some hesitations

and misunderstandings the Government refused to touch anything but the local franchise.

THAT defiance (aggravated by suspicions of bad faith) made the strike inevitable. The Socialist leaders, including M. Vandervelde, were all against it, but the rank and file insisted. Ample notice was given, and every effort has been made by the leaders, so far with complete success, to discourage rioting. The Liberals, whatever their views on tactics, are friendly, and some of their newspapers have even collected for the men's funds. Elaborate arrangements have been made to send children abroad or into the country, and to economise the funds to the utmost. There are about 1½ million manual workers in Belgium. About 250,000 struck at once, and the total now reaches, perhaps, 370,000. The numbers may continue for some days to rise. The transport service is quite unaffected, but the coal mines are practically closed, and so are most of the factories in the South. In the Flemish North, however, and even in Antwerp, the strike movement is weak, nor is it formidable in Brussels. In the Chamber the Radical veteran, M. Lorand, has introduced a Bill proposing a species of referendum.

THE war with Turkey has at length almost reached its formal close. It is understood that a provisional truce has been arranged between the Bulgarian and Turkish armies which will run for ten days. A regular armistice can hardly be concluded without the participation of all the Allies, but this may follow shortly. There are no outstanding issues of substance between Bulgaria and Turkey since the Bulgarians have, with wise moderation, accepted the Enos-Midia frontier line as a "basis," subject to detailed adjustment. The questions of the islands, of Albania, and of an indemnity, rest with the Powers. Some semi-public references by Dr. Daneff to Bulgaria's difficulties with her Allies over the partition of Macedonia have partly unveiled a dangerous and very discreditable situation. There is no doubt that Servia has torn up the treaty which assigned the Monastir region to Bulgaria, and has won for this treachery Greek support. Greek claims, moreover, extend not only to Salonica, but to much of the Eastern coast beyond it. Bulgaria is preparing, in case of need, to enforce her rights by arms, but an attempt to apply Russian mediation through the very clever ex-Ambassador Tcharykoff is about to be made.

THE diplomatic questions which centre in Scutari have been finally eased by the publication of a Russian memorandum, in which it is admitted to be "a purely Albanian town." The military situation has also cleared by the decision of Servia to withdraw her contingent from before Scutari, and some accounts state that the Servian positions have actually been evacuated. The Montenegrins are probably capable of maintaining the investment alone, but hardly of a successful assault. On the other hand, Austrian reports represent the population of the town as in the last stages of famine. King Nicholas continues to issue unyielding statements, main-

tains his resolve to persist in the siege, and denies that any proposals of financial compensation have even been considered. The blockade continues, but there is little reason to think that it will have any effect in bringing the siege to an early close.

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THE issue of conscription has been raised again, first, through a Bill of Mr. Sandys, who proposes to make National Service in the Territorial Army compulsory on all youths of eighteen, the terms of service being the same as those now in existence. The Bill inflicts fines and civil disgrace—such as the loss of the vote and of eligibility for public service—on recalcitrant boys and their employers. But it was hardly discussed; the debate turning on the choice between voluntary and forced service for home defence. This is the conscriptionists' first move; the second is, of course, the building up of a great standing army for use in a Continental war. Colonel Seely, however, spoke so equivocally that the "Westminster" administered a stinging rebuke, and the "Times" described him as "making a case in which he does not believe." He quoted the General Staff as guaranteeing safety against a raid of 70,000 men, in the absence of the Expeditionary Force, but qualified and confused this statement so much that the "Times" calls on him for further explanation.

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COLONEL SEELEY praised the "patriotism" of Mr. Sandys, said that he would support him on the platform if his motives were impugned; and compared voluntary soldiering to voluntary hospitals or voluntary lifeboats (both very doubtful cases). On the other hand, he declared that he "loved" the voluntary principle. Mr. Bonar Law almost abandoned voluntaryism on the ground that conditions were changed. New perils had arisen, foreign navies had grown enormously, and there were dangers of a European "combination" against us—all arrows from Lord Roberts's quiver. One Liberal, Sir Charles Rose, supported the Sandys Bill, but with that exception all the Liberal and Labor speakers strongly opposed it.

* * *

ON Thursday, the conscriptionists took up their running fight again, and with great audacity avowed the true object of their campaign—*i.e.*, the creation of a great British Army fighting side by side with France—and decried Mr. Balfour's appointment to the Defence Committee, and to the re-examination of the problem of defence which it is undertaking. Lord Lovat, who opened the ball, said that the "future of Europe would be decided on the Belgian frontier," and that the "duty of soldiers was to get every available man to help the French when that time came." Mr. Balfour was a mere "amateur," and his optimistic view of defence would be taken to bind the whole Tory Party. Lord Lansdowne hinted genially that if Mr. Balfour's views proved to be out of date, they could be changed, and was vaguely alarmist—especially on aviation, the newest and silliest of our scares—without being definitely conscriptionist. Lord Crewe spoke rather more clearly than Colonel Seely, saying that the Admiralty were perfectly able to intercept either an invasion of 70,000 men or detached bodies of raiders. But he did not tackle the vital point of policy.

* * *

ON Sunday King Alfonso of Spain experienced what King Humbert used to call one of the risks incident to his profession. He was riding through the streets of Madrid on his way from a military ceremony to the palace, when a young working man fired three shots at him with a revolver at close quarters. None of them touched him,

but his horse was wounded. He showed presence of mind, and made use of his famous skill as a horseman to avoid the assailant by causing his mount to rear. The crowd attempted to lynch the man, a Catalonian anarchist named Sanchez, and indeed there is little doubt that the King, since he emancipated himself from the ultra-Conservative influence of Señor Maura, has gained popularity. This is now the third of the young King's escapes. Bombs were thrown at him on the day of his wedding, and again while he was entertaining King Edward at Barcelona. These repeated attempts may be due directly to a more or less theoretic anarchism. But the prevalence and the virulence of anarchism are in their turn the direct consequence of the dismal failures of the whole machinery of government in Spain.

* * *

A DISAGREEABLE frontier incident at Nancy serves to reveal something of the chauvinistic ferment in France, and, what is still more serious, the resentment which it causes in Germany. Two German travellers were imprudent enough to visit a "patriotic" play at the Casino. Their language made them the butt of some insolent youths in the audience, who followed them, first, to a café, and then to the station, and even into a train. Nothing worse happened than the knocking off of one of their hats, but the experience must have been both unpleasant and alarming. It was a gross display of bad manners, but it hardly seems to call for the vehement commentaries in which a portion of the German press has indulged, nor does the incident seem to be grave enough in itself to justify the demand for explanations which the German Ambassador was instructed to make in Paris. It is, however, a symptom of the dangerous effervescence in France, and measures the effect of the organised appeals to French Jingoism which began with M. Millerand's military promenades.

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THE Judicial Committee of the Privy Council has unseated Sir Stuart Samuel, M.P. for Whitechapel, on the ground that he was a partner of the firm of Messrs. Montagu, which had made various contracts with the Secretary of State for India. The question of fact was first inquired into by a Select Committee of the Commons, who referred the question of law to the Privy Council. The reference was to the famous Act of 1782, passed in a time of general corruption, to guard the "freedom and independence" of Parliament from being sapped by members admitted to "profitable" public contracts. The Judicial Committee well decided to apply the Act in its full integrity, and to disregard all technical limitations.

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Two such limits were at first proposed in Sir Stuart Samuel's interest. The first was that the Act did not apply to the Montagu contract, because the term "public service" could not be stretched to cover India or moneys not voted by Parliament. The second was a suggestion that the contract was not made with the Secretary of State for India, but with a corporation. The Secretary of State is, of course, responsible to Parliament, but the Council of India, which he consults, is not. The Judicial Committee, however, decided that the contract was made with the Secretary, and was not affected by his having to obtain the concurrence of others. The Privy Council, therefore, found that, though Sir Stuart Samuel had no "improper motive," he had forfeited his seat. He has also incurred a fine of £46,000 for having taken part in 93 divisions since his firm obtained the contract.

FAREWELLS are contagious, but we hope that Mr. Forbes Robertson's retirement from the stage is not to be followed by Lord Rosebery's, for then the public would lose its two most delightful entertainers at one blow. We shall rather compare Lord Rosebery's "farewell" speech to the journalists to the conventional retirements of the reappearing *diva*. Lord Rosebery compared himself with the "hermit" of the Alma, who remained indifferent in his cave while the noise of battle raged round him. In reality, no man is more sensitive to neighboring noises; the cocking of a pistol would interest him even more than the roar of a siege cannon. For the rest, he thought our press the best and purest in the world; but rather inconsequently added that the days of reporting were over. More suggestively he described the "profound apathy" of the people about public questions, compared with their zeal for sport. This he attributed to the number of quick, superficial impressions made on their brains, blunting the deeper impact of serious thought and action. Is it not rather true that a greater number of people have interests in life of all kinds, the superficial and the profound? Because we see more of the first kind of impression, it does not follow that the second is absent.

* * *

MRS. PANKHURST was released on Saturday, having taken no food since her imprisonment. She was let out on a convict's license—which she is said to have torn up—giving her a rest of fifteen days before re-arrest. Meanwhile, the campaign of outrage continues. On Monday, a bomb, filled with blasting powder, placed at the Bartholomew Lane entrance to the Bank of England, was found by a policeman and plunged in water before it exploded. On the following day an empty house at St. Leonards, lately tenanted by Mr. Arthur Du Cros, M.P., was burnt down. The damage amounted to nearly £10,000. On the other side suffrage meetings in open spaces in London have been declared illegal on the ground of the disorder which attends them, and Mrs. Drummond and Mr. Lansbury have been summoned. We are not surprised to see the "Morning Post" welcoming the "useful precedents" of the Home Office as available for Tory administrators dealing with strike-meetings or "more dangerous" forms of "political" crime.

* * *

WITH all its professions of concern, the Government of India is apparently unable to suppress the use of torture by its police. There have been, we believe, no fewer than fifty-seven known and discovered cases of torture to extract confession in the past five years, and in one year eight prisoners died under torture. The latest instance, the subject of questions on Wednesday, occurred at Poona, where four policemen were convicted of torturing three peasants to obtain a confession of robbery. Mr. Montagu's answer enumerated various steps which have been taken to suppress this primitive barbarity, but he had no assurance to offer that the one effective reform will be adopted. Confessions must be made inadmissible as evidence. Until this is done, there can be no security that a police, trained in these methods, will cease to practise them upon ignorant prisoners, who probably regard them almost as a normal item in their misfortunes. Here is an elementary and easily remediable cruelty whose removal comes even more directly within our Imperial duties than anything in the Putumayo region. The delay is hard to explain and impossible to defend.

* * *

THE Marconi Committee has produced very little this week except a fresh crop of rumors, which have been

quickly disposed of. Mr. Godfrey Isaacs and a stock-broker have both suggested the existence of an anti-Marconi "syndicate," acting in the interests of the Poulsen system. The names of the two members of Parliament said to be associated with this syndicate were Major Archer-Shee and Mr. Norton Griffiths, while Sir Henry Norman was said to have been "in close touch" with the Poulsen system and to have improperly recommended Mr. Campbell Swinton to the Committee as an impartial expert, when he was really retained for the Poulsen enterprise. All these gentlemen gave specific denials of any interest, direct or indirect, in the Poulsen invention, or of any knowledge of the existence of a Poulsen "syndicate"; while the Swinton introduction seemed to be merely a suggestion that the Committee should avail itself of the best scientific opinions to be had. The Committee is now thoroughly organised on party lines, Liberals sitting with Liberals, and Tories with Tories, while the Chairman holds aloof from either side.

* * *

THE battle of the Censorship was half-won on Wednesday when the House of Commons carried without a division Mr. Robert Harcourt's motion declaring against the system, and calling for "subsequent effective control"—i.e., for the censorship of the public—as a substitute. Only one speech—that of Sir James Spear—was hostile. The Government took a carefully tempered attitude. Mr. Ellis Griffith left the whole moral and intellectual ground unchallenged, and merely deprecated change on the ground that, though the authors desired it, the managers preferred the present system (for trade convenience), and the Government could not be expected to act for a minority (a minority of what?). But he asked for guidance, and promised to leave the matter to the "unfettered decision" of the House.

* * *

MR. HARCOURT, Mr. Neilson, Mr. Mark Sykes (himself a victim), Mr. Harold Smith, and Mr. Gwynn brilliantly raised the whole issue of history and ethics, ridiculing an instrument which keeps religion off the stage and sly amorism on it, forbids "Parsifal" and permits "The Merry Widow," banishes "Mrs. Warren's Profession" and welcomes "The Spring Chicken." No defence of the working of the Censorship was indeed attempted or is possible, save Mr. Griffith's plea that in effect it does very little. Just so; its action is automatic and preventive. It brings on one type of play, and repels another.

* * *

PROFESSOR WESTLAKE, who died on Monday, an octogenarian, active to the last, was undoubtedly the greatest of our philosophical lawyers, and probably the only living English jurist who enjoyed a high European reputation. He leaves an enduring monument in his two great treatises on Private and Public International Law, and in his Cambridge Lectures he exerted a limited academic influence. But to the wider public his real work lay in his weighty pleading for the sanctity and extension of international obligations, as opposed to violence and caprice. Much of his interest centred round The Hague, alike before and during and after his period of service on the permanent tribunal. His extreme caution, his dry but incisive habit of expression, and the ardent faith in the idea of public right which was his one enthusiasm, gave to his rare utterances a great weight of authority, more especially when he spoke for some oppressed nationality. The Finns and the Macedonians were both deeply indebted to his pleading.

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[The next issue of THE NATION will contain a special Literary Supplement.]

Politics and Affairs.

A STRIKE FOR DEMOCRACY.

THE men of the French Revolution went to Rome to borrow Republican virtue. Later generations sought a more authentic antiquity. From Rome first Prussia and then Belgium borrowed the system of class franchises, and to Rome the Belgian plebs have gone in quest of the Roman cure for the Roman poison. When the plebs withdrew themselves from the city by way of demanding a more equitable representation, they were adopting the primitive form of the general strike. It is a slightly more picturesque method than the modern variant, and it still survives in the East, as the Persians reminded us when the people of Teheran extorted a constitution by seeking sanctuary in the British Legation. It is the fallacy of the logical politician to suppose that only an unanswerable protest will redress an intolerable wrong. In practice it commonly happens that intolerable wrongs are removed by apparently inadequate means. But the reasoning, if one insists on following the reason in politics, is enchaining, and difficult to counter. Given a privileged class entrenched, as the dominant minority in Belgium (and in Prussia) is, behind an indefensible franchise, by what purely constitutional means are you to dislodge it? Here is a system which declares that the average manual worker shall count (in Benthamite language) for one and only one; that the uneducated lower middle-class, if it has passed the years of hope and effervescence, if it is provided with that stake in the country, a family of children, and if it pays a certain minimum in house taxes, shall count as two; that the educated middle class, if it combines the certificate of a good and expensive school with the above-mentioned signs of respectability, shall count as three. Experience has shown in repeated elections, conducted at frequent intervals, with all the paraphernalia of proportional representation, that the 42 per cent. of the population who enjoy plural votes can steadily outvote the 58 per cent. who have only one. What are the plebs to do? They have waited for the fruits of persuasive argument and verbal agitation, and the fruits are by no means insignificant. The Liberal middle-class has at length decisively espoused their cause. But the figures, after that happy conversion, unfortunately showed rather a decline than an increase in the popular vote. The Liberals had deserted the classes. But the steady increase of wealth and comfort had more than replaced this loss. The arithmetic which doubles and trebles a really respectable vote contrived at the last General Election to give an actual increase to the Catholic-Conservative minority-majority, which had been dwindling steadily for twenty years. It was inevitable that the plebs should conclude that argument had failed, and this week they have followed precedent by retiring to the Sacred Mount.

If the Belgian franchise struggle seems peculiarly intractable, it is probably because the class struggle is doubled by a conflict of races, languages, and civilisations. Two peoples are linked in perpetual antithesis in the politics of the Low Countries. To the conservatism of the

Flemings—stagnant, lethargic, calculating, and tightly organised in a political clericalism—is opposed the quicker intellect of the Walloons, at once more sceptical and more ardent, French in language and culture, free-thinking in belief. The Walloon is Liberal when he belongs to the middle-class, Socialist when he is a workman. The Fleming, as a rule, allows no class distinction to cross his confessional Conservatism. His vote is clerical, and when he is concerned about wages and hours of labor, it is a Catholic trade union that he joins. Such is the broad division, and one need not greatly modify it by acknowledging that there are Socialists in Flemish Antwerp, and a leaven of good Catholics in the French South. The two races meet each other not merely in this vital clash about the franchise. The schools are a battle-ground even more extensive, and round them rages the rivalry of the languages. It is a fissure which must long ago have riven the unity of Belgium, were it not that the tradition of local autonomy is apt in quiet times to make pure politics seem secondary.

The broad fact about a political strike is that it seems to be a weapon so portentous that to employ it must always be either useless or unnecessary. If the proletariat really were able to destroy industry by a sustained general strike, the bourgeoisie would never allow it to take place. If, none the less, it happens, we must suppose that the organisation of the workers is not strong enough to intimidate, and where it cannot intimidate, it will probably fail to coerce. If the Clerical Government had believed that even one-third of the million-and-a-half of Belgian workers would really lay down its tools, and that it could prolong its resistance even for three or four weeks, it is probable that it must have yielded. The resources of each side are well known to the other. The Government could probably have predicted in advance where the pressure would probably fail. The strike shows a formidable approach to unanimity in the Walloon South. It is feeble in the Flemish North. It is relatively weak in the two chief distributing centres and depôts of national life, Antwerp and Brussels. It is relatively strong among the mines and factories of the purely industrial area. Its fatal weakness is that it does not yet so much as touch the internal means of transport, and even in the docks it is broken by the hostility of the Catholic trade unions.

It is, in short, a far less successful approach to a general strike than the Swedish effort, and its one chance of applying a really formidable coercion depends on its control of the coal-supply, and that will inevitably be so slow in its working, that the resources of the general body of the workers will probably be exhausted long before the sacrifice of the miners has begun to take effect. The Russian parallel seems to show that a general strike is swift and for a time successful, only when it can achieve and secure absolute control of the railways. We are disposed to think that the effect of a general strike can usually be measured by the success of the first menace. Just in so far as the workers are really united, and just in so far as they can rely on their funds for maintenance, will the yielding or the resistance of a Government go. The threat in this instance was not quite without effect. It

brought M. de Broqueville to the point of temporising. He consented to negotiate, he received mediators, he promised inquiry, and, up to a point, he seemed to hint reform. It was the discovery that his promises were withdrawn as the pressure was relaxed, or, on a more charitable view, that they had been entirely misunderstood, which, in the end, precipitated the strike.

One need be no lukewarm friend to the popular cause to predict that the present effort must fail; the men's own leaders have warned them of that risk from the start. The enterprise is too vast, the task of maintaining a whole laboring nation too hopelessly beyond the resources even of a party so capably organised as Belgian Socialism. A general strike could succeed by sheer staying power only if the workers were rich beyond the experience of any existing proletariat. But in that case it is hard to conceive what grievance could rally them to the superfluous effort.

THE WAR OFFICE AND THE MILITARY CONSPIRACY.

"It is an infamous attempt to stampede the country into conscription—a crime against mankind that will be resisted by every force at the disposal of the Liberal Party."—*Mr. Illingworth, at the Manchester Reform Club.*

"The present conspiracy is nothing more or less than an attempt on the part of many hundreds of military officers, leading a large body of ill-informed civilians, to impose upon England a large standing army and an aggressive foreign policy."—*Islander, in the "Fortnightly Review," on the Military Conspiracy.*

THE Liberal Party have in their time suffered a good deal at the hands of the War Office and its chiefs. But there is one thing that they will not stand, and that is a deliberate coquetry with Conscription. On this point we can speak with authority, for setting aside the historic commitments of the party to the principle of voluntary service, we have had the clearest and most unqualified rejection both of Conscription and of compulsory home defence from the Lord Chancellor, lately responsible for the British Army, and from the Chief Whip of the Parliamentary party. We wish we could say the same of Colonel Seely. It is possible that, having recently travelled from a land of "unsettled convictions," the War Secretary may have brought with him something of its air of circumambient mist. If so, let us assure him that if he has come for permanent settlement, he now inhabits a zone of perfectly clear weather. Liberals are not, as he seems to think, Tolstoyans. The practice of the Christian religion is not yet so widely extended or so deeply understood that we can line up a British party on its ultimate message of hope and deliverance to mankind. Colonel Seely had to deal with a simple issue, which he chose not to see. He declared that the debate on Mr. Sandys's Bill, establishing compulsory national service for the Territorial force, was "not a question between compulsory service and voluntary service." It was nothing else; for it turned on a proposal to convert a volunteer force into a Landwehr, forcibly recruited, and subject on refusal to fines and civic disgrace, from the entire British male population in the United Kingdom.

What does Colonel Seely think of this proposal? For the life of us, we cannot say. We should have thought that he would have been quite clear and candid, not only as a Liberal Minister, but as a public man who has lately been charged in an important magazine—we hope unjustly—with playing a covert part in the conscriptionist movement. He did, indeed, declare himself to be a "passionate" supporter of voluntaryism. But he thought Mr. Sandys was "on strong ground"—the ground, for example, of a man who might come to the House and declare that the voluntary system of hospitals had broken down. Now the ground for voluntary hospitals is very doubtful ground, which may at any moment break under our feet. Does Colonel Seely consider that the voluntary principle in soldiering is equally menaced? He declared himself so impressed with Mr. Sandys's patriotism that he offered to go down and support him, "if any one tries to attack the honorable gentleman in his constituency because he supported universal service." Colonel Weston has just been attacked on the same ground by the entire Liberal Party in Kendal. Is he, therefore, entitled to Colonel Seely's support? We cannot even conclude from the War Secretary's speech whether or no he holds to an historic point of the defence against conscription, namely, the plea that we are absolutely secure against "raids." He did, indeed, again vouch the authority of the General Staff to that effect. But when Mr. Bonar Law quoted him as saying that there was no "danger" in the present position of the Territorials, he described the statement as a "travesty" of his speech. We will assume that it erred only in clearness of expression and firmness of judgment. But its total effect is to give a wide advertisement, as well as a broad certificate of honesty and good faith, to a covert conspiracy to militarise this country, and to undermine the civil liberties of its people.

Now, let us say at once that we oppose conscription because it is bad in itself. It is bad for the State to force or to strain men's consciences, and to set up military service as an exclusive test of good citizenship. But it is mere stupidity to use the wrong kind of force and to apply it unnecessarily. This group of small islands, with a great and widely sundered Empire dependent on them, are subject to invasion by sea or the starvation of our people through loss of the ocean trade routes. This is their major peril. They are also liable to little wars with frontier peoples (mostly savage), or to a land attack on Egypt or India. Against these contingencies, we provide, first, a fleet, or rather fleets, of enormous strength, and, secondly, a specially trained expeditionary force, ready for embarkation to India or any threatened Imperial place. Neither of these forces can be raised by compulsory service. No conscript army was ever made or thought of for tropical or semi-tropical warfare thousands of miles from the home land. No great navy such as ours, highly skilled and based on prolonged service, could be forcibly recruited without an outrage on liberty. Do the conscriptionists except these services? Nominally they do. But they cut away their feeding-

ground by requiring some hundreds of thousands more Territorials. Incidentally, they would make military service odious to workmen, as they are doing in New Zealand to-day, by deducting from wages fines for refusals to serve.

But why create this enormous confusion? Because these two forces, supplemented by the Territorials, are inadequate to safeguard British homes or British possessions? Not so. The question was neither properly nor adequately stated by the Secretary for War; but reduced to its elements, there never was a clearer or a simpler issue. If the fleet fails, everything fails, for as between hostile armies and rising insurance rates, starvation and panic are inevitable, and the landing of troops to clinch this ruin would be a formal and otiose proceeding on the enemy's part. But ingenuity has chosen to imagine a body of raiders slipping in during a week's absence or preoccupation of the fleets. It is quite false to say that the experts have ever admitted the feasibility of such a raid. All that they have said is that if a raid was ever contemplated, we should so organise our forces as to make it come in such numbers—say 70,000 men—that the Navy could most easily intercept it. But the Defence Committee, taking the whole naval situation into account, decided that "invasion of these islands is not an eventuality which we need seriously consider." The Admiralty entirely concur in this view. It is a body of military officers who, converting this speculative use of the number 70,000 to illustrate the practical impossibility of invasion into an estimate of a possible (or even probable) invading force, labor to commit the Government to the confession that 260,000 Territorials, *plus* regulars, *plus* reservists, would not meet it. Having advanced thus far, their real ground, which is one of policy, will be disclosed, and the slightest concession of the principle of compulsion for the Territorials will be changed into a demand for a great scheme of militarisation, directed from Whitehall. Mr. Sandys's Bill, it will be observed, is useless as a scheme of organisation. The training it proposes is that which the Territorials now receive. But it gives the War Office a power of filling up the *cadres* at will. Then the demand will be for longer service and more efficient training, on Lord Roberts's ground that men with short, intermittent service in camps, as compared with prolonged and regular barrack discipline, would be outclassed by the conscript levies of the great Continental armies. The way will then be cleared for passing into the expeditionary force a regular stream of barrack-trained youths. And then, too, we shall be ripe for Lord Roberts's policy of maintaining the balance of European power by a great British army, co-operating with that of France and Russia.

We are ashamed to go over this familiar ground again, but we do so in order to ask the Government to meet the attack on voluntary service by disclaiming the policy which underlies it, as well as by invalidating its gross mis-statement of the problem of defence. Our real defence, the Navy, is damaged and displaced in popular imagination by these manœuvres.

They are dictated by army men, who know nothing of the vital problem of sea-transport, and repelled by navy men, who know all about it. They damage the country's clear and good record for peaceful statesmanship in Europe. They must make the Colonies shrink away from us. No right or call for forced service exists in the case of a body of nations which, including the Imperial Navy, the regular and auxiliary land forces, the Indian Army, and the levies in the Dominions, supply, by way of paid or unpaid service, nearly a million and a-half men in arms. These levies—all, or nearly all, volunteers—are witnesses of the appeal and fascination of arms for a race of seamen, adventurers, colonisers, and rather touchy materialists and scorners of ideas, but in no sense the engine of a deliberately aggressive, disturbing, and dangerous foreign policy. But that is what these plotters of Pall Mall would make of the British Army and the British Navy and the British Territorials, and, though the whole movement is enough of a burlesque to make its ultimate failure certain, it has grown bold enough for a Liberal Government to proceed to stamp it out of popular thought.

THE VISION OF A LONDON UNIVERSITY.

THE vision of a great London University, amply provided with all the intellectual and material equipment for a full curriculum of teaching and research, and associated by a close unity of purpose and direction, has been set before our eyes by the Report which completes the labors of the Royal Commission. The vision is both comprehensive and precise. Nor is it projected in the void. It takes the existing apparatus of colleges and schools, brings them into organic relation to a general educational plan by making them contributory to the several faculties which are the spiritual substance of a University, and allots to the constituent college in each department its special functions of teaching and research. It vests the supreme legislative power in a largely representative Court, leaving the executive power in the hands of a Senate, chiefly nominated by the Crown, whose detailed functions should, however, be delegated to an Academic Council representative of the teachers. The latter, under proper safeguards, are to control not only the teaching but the examination of their students. Complete financial control of all the institutions is vested in the supreme executive body of the University. All students entering the University must present proofs of a general education, for which it is proposed that examinations in the secondary schools should make provision. Improved secondary education, closely adjusted to the University requirements, should enable students to proceed without delay, and by a natural continuity of teaching, to the steps of academic education that would lead to a degree. All degrees should thus be certificates, not merely of knowledge produced at a given date, but of work done under proper supervision during a period of study. A wide local area is proposed for the recognition of schools contributing to this scheme, including virtually the whole of the Home Counties. The London University would thus exercise a direct control and reforming influence over the whole of the secondary and higher

education of this section of the country. In order properly to fulfil this great function, the University will require an enlargement of income, estimated with a touch of humorous scrupulosity to amount to £99,000. Last, but not least, a local habitation is assigned for its central buildings, and for the growth of a group of residential hostels. This will render possible the corporate student life essential to the spirit of a true University.

Such are the bare outlines of a grand educational project which should set London abreast of the great universities of the world as a laboratory of learning and a training-ground for the learned professions. How far the project is capable of early realisation is the grave practical question that confronts us. The difficulties and the temptations to compromise are doubtless grave, though we observe a tendency to exaggerate their gravity which is in itself injurious to the cause of progress. For what we need above all else is moral confidence, the conviction of an ability to surmount and transform conditions. But before surmounting barriers, it is well to recognise them. In this country, barriers are almost always vested interests. The Commission finds itself confronted in its proposals of reform by the established rights of the external students, and by the financial and intellectual independence of the units it requires to bring into union. Upon the former issue it is forced at once to compromise. For the present, at any rate, university training is not made essential to a degree, though it is hoped that this concession to the rights of self-taught students, whose means or leisure are inadequate to the requirements of a regular university career, may be of short duration. For our part, we think the injuries of externalism are exaggerated. If the standards of examination are brought under the full control of the university, students who can produce sufficient evidence of knowledge in the various departments ought to receive the diploma attesting it. Not until ample provision has been made to give every young person the full intellectual and material opportunities of a training "recognised" by the University, should this training be made indispensable to a degree. The existence of a diminishing number of external students during the interval cannot be considered a very serious damage to the university.

The other class of vested interests is likely to cause more trouble. Indeed, if we are to judge by the history of the last thirteen years, in which the greed of power and the churlishness and petty jealousies of certain colleges have wasted the resources of teaching and defied all efforts to secure effective co-operation, nothing short of legislative compulsion of a stringent kind can secure the central control essential to success. What stands in the way of higher education at every turn is the false sanctity of property, which, by the instrument of the dead hand, places large incomes and influence at the disposal of private persons under no obligation to adapt them to modern needs. Bold legislation is required to meet this case. It will be forthcoming, provided that the call for higher education can be raised from torpid acquiescence into a dominant demand. If the people of London and of this country really understood how these

selfish bickerings and underhand competition crippled the intellectual and professional progress of the nation, they would not merely authorise but compel the Government to stop this waste.

A final word upon the local habitation in Bloomsbury. Whenever any large public project involving the extensive use of land is afoot, there is the landlord in possession. If this scheme were carried through, and a number of residential hostels were established in this district with some thousands of students, great increments of value would be given to land and houses in the district. The ground landlord ought, if proper powers of bargaining are wielded by the university, to be required to lease or sell the land at a price definitely lower than he could command in the ordinary market, where no increment on his surrounding property would accrue.

An interesting communication of a few weeks ago to the "Westminster Gazette" by Mr. A. H. Spokes reminded us of the large nucleus of a residential university that has been lost by permitting the Inns of Chancery, which lay between Fleet Street and Bloomsbury, to pass to commercial purposes from the educational uses for which they were intended. If a reasonable amount of public forethought had been available, even within the last generation, during which the needs of a London University might have been easily predicted, Clement's Inn, Clifford's Inn, New Inn, Staple Inn, Thavies Inn, and Barnard's Inn, all once university hostels, might have been saved for our new university. Gray's Inn still remains available. It has long ceased to serve any useful purpose as an Inn of Court. Its members are all members of other Inns. Why should not Parliament, as Mr. Spokes proposes, take the necessary steps to secure Gray's Inn for a residential college in the London University?

THE POLITICS OF THE PAPACY.

The serious illness of the Pope serves to remind the world of the singularity of the power which he both embodies and dispenses. There is nothing that at all resembles it in the domain of modern politics. Even if a Sultan were to arise with a real and intimate, instead of a more or less conventional, hold over Mohammedans of all nationalities, even if half of Europe were suddenly to become converted to Mormonism, the result would still fall short of the authority that the occupant of St. Peter's chair wields as a matter of course. The theory on which the Vatican proceeds makes its influence, or its claim to exert an influence, world-wide—"the power with which we are endued," declared Leo XIII, "by its very nature extends to all times and places." There are a thousand and one threads of policy gathered up in Downing Street, in the Wilhelmstrasse, in the Quai d'Orsay, but they are few and simple compared with the multitudinous lines of intrigue and high politics and administration that converge on Pius X.'s rooms in the Vatican. Supreme and infallible in all matters of faith and morals for the devout Catholic, the Pope still exercises over the mundane affairs of rulers and statesmen a dominion less absolute, but in many ways far

wider. Wherever there is a Catholic or the hope of making a Catholic, there also is the Pope in his dual capacity of spiritual and political overseer. His diplomacy has thus an almost limitless range, and operates impartially upon all forms of government and all degrees of civilisation. And what still further differentiates it from the diplomacy of the secular world is that it works for the most part internally. The British Government, for instance, in its dealings with Germany or the United States or Russia acts purely from the outside. Its pressure, its arguments, its remonstrances are all wholly external. But the Pope is an internal power in every country that numbers Catholics among its population, and as such he has at all times a potent and sometimes a decisive influence in local politics. On every question that concerns the interests of Roman Catholics anywhere or in any way, he claims the right to make himself heard; and the claim has been more or less grudgingly conceded by nearly every nation on earth.

To what extent and by what means any given Pope will seize the opportunities that thus present themselves depend very largely on his personality and training. Just as in Russia a reforming Tsar is almost automatically followed by a repressive Tsar, so from the innumerable cross-currents that determine the election of a Pope there usually emerges a man who, by temperament and the bent of his interests, is the antithesis of his predecessor. The reason is that the office far transcends the capacities of any one man, and that those behind the scenes are horribly conscious that success, or the appearance of it, in one direction, has only been made possible by neglect and confusion elsewhere. A really adequate and satisfying Pope is an impossibility. Even if he arrives at a perfect adjustment of the spiritual and the temporal sides of his mission, the sheer immensity of his task beats him down. The man has not yet been born, or at any rate has not been heard of, with the talents to be a great diplomatist, a great theologian, and a great administrator, on the scale required at the Vatican. If his inclination prompts him to take a hand in international affairs, the odds are that he can only gratify it by allowing the finances of the Church and its internal discipline and the struggles and pretensions of the various Orders to look after themselves. For every single thing he does he has to leave a dozen undone, and while the outside world judges him by his achievements, the Curia and the Cardinals are apt to think more of all that he has not even attempted. When the time arrives for electing a successor, the instinct is to choose a man who will fill up the gaps in his predecessor's policies, devote himself to other interests, bring in a different spirit, appeal to sections of the communion that have been overlooked, and stand out as a contrast.

Leo XIII. and Pius X. have well exemplified the workings of this law of opposites in the Papal succession. The characteristic of Leo's mind was a suave subtlety; of his disposition, a cautious conservatism; of his policy, the recognition of facts as far as recognition was possible or prudent. He won the confidence of statesmen by his willingness to compromise, he won their respect by the polite and gentle obstinacy with which he pitted himself

against Bismarck and beat him. To the Republicans in France and to the Alphonsists in Spain his instinctive leaning towards authority was of crucial assistance. He ranged himself among the social reformers, tried hard to capture the Labor movement, and did undoubtedly succeed in winning an unprecedented degree of popular good-will. He had, in short, the reticences, the open-mindedness, and the large tolerance of a true statesman, and his policies in nearly every instance were pacific and moderating. But while under his direction the Church gained greatly in prestige and not a little in power, it had to pay for Leo's absorption in the political, social, and economic problems of the universe. Its domestic affairs were somewhat forgotten; its finances fell into serious disorder; discipline relaxed, and various irregularities flourished while the Pontiff's attention was directed elsewhere. The discovery was then made that what the Church really needed was, not a diplomatist, but a "religious" Pope, a true shepherd of souls.

The result of this revelation, and of other and less estimable calculations and intrigues, was the election of Pius X. A good man, a genial man, an excellent Bishop, of homely, equable, somewhat downright disposition, he was known to have all the virtues of his peasant origin, to care nothing for politics, and to have no thought of playing a commanding part on the European stage. It did not develop until afterwards that, with these excellent qualities, the Pope united a strain of narrowness and obstinacy and a gift for precipitancy that his simplicity and inexperience was to put to some startling uses. Under a happier star he might have been a Pope without a history, amicably forgotten by the world at large, and remembered only in the ecclesiastical records as the author of such and such reforms in the Catholic organisation. But not even the Pope can follow his own bent; his hand is liable at any moment to be forced by events; and it has been Pius X.'s misfortune that his Pontificate should have synchronised with explosions of anti-clericalism in France and in Spain, and with a learned and deeply moral movement towards Liberalism among priests and laity alike, the centre of which was France. Some of the best scholars in Catholicism, some of the finest and most sincere personalities in the priesthood, were in the Modernist group. How he met these developments there is no need at the present moment to recall. That he should have had to meet them at all—he, an untravelled Italian Bishop, whose capacities and outlook were amply satisfied by the care of a provincial diocese—illustrates the unique difficulties of the Papal office. It is the most arduous and complicated post in the whole world of officialdom, and the one that most readily invites to blunders. To use the authority that goes with it politically is to risk challenging a fierce and disastrous resentment, a resentment that to-day, by the irony of history, is deeper in Catholic than in Protestant countries. To use it theologically is to run counter, almost of necessity, to the thought of the age. To use it administratively is to stir up the historic feuds and jealousies that are to-day less dormant than ever among the Congregations and Orders inside the Catholic fold. A difficult office! It might more truly be called an impossible one.

THE DEFICIT AND ITS CAUSE.

EARLY in the New Year it was confidently expected by our revenue experts that the financial year would show a very large surplus, and that, in spite of increasing estimates, there was no prospect of additional taxation. Indeed, the prospective surplus was mortgaged in advance by the body of Radical stalwarts who renewed their annual plea for free sugar. But the last few weeks have proved unexpectedly disappointing. To the general surprise, a surplus of only £180,000 was realised when the old financial year came to an end with March. It is true that the actual receipts, totalling £188,802,000, were more than £1,600,000 above the Chancellor of the Exchequer's estimate; but the supplementary estimates of expenditure swallowed up nearly the whole of this handsome excess. Apart from the Post Office, which did very well, the Income Tax and Stamp Duties were the best features of last year's revenue. For some time past, the growing yield of the Income Tax and Super-Tax, which has now risen to £44,806,000, has run almost parallel with the growth of expenditure on the Navy (for which it nearly pays), and it would be more painful than surprising if the expansion and increasing size of super-Dreadnoughts were soon to call for a corresponding enlargement of the super-tax, if not also for another addition to the already heavy burden of lesser income-tax payers. It may here be mentioned that in consequence of supplementary estimates, the cost of the Army last year rose above 28 millions, and that of the Navy above 45 millions, while the Civil Service estimates were swollen by National Insurance to a grand total of over 53 millions sterling. The success of the doctors will be responsible for another large increase under this head in the current year.

Let us look a little more closely at the situation which Mr. Lloyd George will have to face next Tuesday. The actual expenditure last year was £188,622,000. But the estimated expenditure for the current year amounts to no less a sum than £195,434,000, so that if the revenue remains the same as last year (*i.e.*, £188,802,000) the Chancellor of the Exchequer will be met by a deficit of £6,632,000. The question is, first, whether the revenue can be expected to expand freely enough to cover this heavy liability; and, secondly, whether, even if the first question can be answered in the affirmative, it would be honest—in view of the supplementary estimates for purposes of armament already foreshadowed—for the Chancellor of the Exchequer to refrain from the unpopular task of imposing extra taxation. The proper answer to the last question, is that the Cabinet ought to make up its mind to overhaul both the Admiralty and the War Office with a view to realising those administrative economies which have been repeatedly promised. But we are afraid the Treasury has lost some of its efficiency and a good deal of its austerity as the supervising force in administration.

The immediate problem, which will be solved by Tuesday's statement, is whether Mr. Lloyd George will find it as easy to screw up his estimates of revenue as it has been to inflate the service estimates. It is said that the Income Tax was not collected very vigorously in February and March

on the rather cynical ground that good revenue need not be wasted in the reduction of debt. If so, there may be considerable arrears to go into this year, so that under this head a large increase may be budgeted for. On the other hand, there are symptoms that the trade boom will not continue much longer at its present unexampled height. It would be difficult at a time when Consols are exceptionally cheap, and reasons for sustaining national credit exceptionally strong, to justify a raid upon the sinking fund. Nor is it desirable on any grounds that taxpayers should be allowed to suppose that the expansion of armaments was a matter of indifference to them. Mr. Lloyd George has already provided for an increase of twelve or thirteen millions per annum in the cost of the navy, and he has covered a social reform expenditure of twenty millions. But the national outgoings have quite overtaken even the elastic resources of his famous Budget. Liberal and Free Trade finance has, in a word, succeeded up to the point we have now reached; and, of course, it has by no means exhausted its powers of expansion and adaptation to the needs of the community. But the day of true surpluses is again over. Mr. Lloyd George can give no relief to the breakfast table or the tea table; and unless he tackles Service expenditure in the Gladstonian spirit, the Liberal Party and the Government will have to face a rudely altered situation.

A London Diary.

I HEAR much praise from many quarters of Sir Edward Grey's conduct of the peace negotiations. "He has raised our foreign policy to a greater power than any Foreign Minister since Palmerston," said the most distinguished of his colleagues. Not that Sir Edward Grey's method is at all Palmerstonian. What has surprised even his admirers is the persistence and resource, the quiet enthusiasm, which he has devoted to his work, not only of bringing diplomats together, but of insisting that they shall not fly apart again. Some time ago, when our relations with Germany were much worse than they are to-day, the Kaiser rejected all criticism of him that seemed to reflect on his loyalty and honesty, and quite vehemently affirmed his belief in both. But those qualities alone would not have carried Sir Edward through the crisis.

I AM afraid there is only too much truth in the story in the "Chronicle" of the dissensions between Bulgaria on the one hand, and Servia and Greece on the other. If a quarter of the tale is true, it reveals one of the grossest acts of treachery in the annals of war and warlike alliances. Bulgaria's grievance is in the main as follows: She concluded with Servia, before the war, a treaty of partition as regards Macedonia, in the event of the victory of the Allies. Under it, the whole country was minutely mapped out, only a small strip in the north, claimed by both parties on ethnographical grounds, being left to the arbitration of the Tsar. That Treaty has been torn up by Servia, and a Graeco-Serb Treaty substituted

for it, which carves out a Greek-Servian Macedonia, creating a common Greek-Servian frontier, and practically cutting out Bulgaria. Under this treacherous document, I am told, not only the agreed-on territory, but Ochrida, Dibra, Monastir, and other Bulgarian districts (all absolutely assigned under the earlier Treaty to Bulgaria) go to Servia, while Greece takes Salonica, and, according to one plan, actually Kavala. If this be so, the sympathy felt in this country for Servia and Greece will disappear, and give place to well-deserved and universal contempt.

BUT that is not all. Bulgaria complains of an anti-Bulgarian campaign carried out by Servia in Bulgarian districts. They allege not only atrocities (of which they claim to have minute evidence), but the shutting of all their schools and the tearing up of their school-books, the imprisonment of their bishops, and even personal outrages, such as the plucking of their beards, as well as the forcible change of Bulgarian names into Servian. The meanness of this treatment is made the bitterer by the fact that Bulgaria voluntarily took upon herself the breaking of the main Turkish armies—a task which she has accomplished with heavy loss, while the Servians have been quietly absorbing Macedonia and the Greeks annexing islands. It is all most deplorable; but if the close of the war were unhappily followed by a Bulgarian march on Macedonia, and a consequent wiping out of the Servian armies, the Servian sympathisers would be few.

MR. BALFOUR's accession to the Defence Committee has passed with very slight notice, but it is being remarked on as a rather acute development of non-party government in military affairs. Mr. Balfour has been leader of the Tory Party, and may be again. The Committee of Defence is a sort of Advisory Committee to the Prime Minister. It knows many secrets, and discusses many affairs that never get to the ear of Parliament. It has a good deal to do indirectly with Estimates. It is bound to touch policy. And now the ex-leader of the Opposition is in its councils. Is not that rather a large modification of the Cabinet system?

THE Mid-Herts situation should be carefully watched, for both the parties to it are keenly antagonised. It is a mistake to suppose that Lord Salisbury's attitude is that of a passive acceptance of Mr. Sidney Peel's candidature. He has, I think been active in engineering this revolt and insisting on an uncompromising Free Trader being brought out. Mr. Peel has a good deal of the family brains and personal distinction. He had quite a brilliant career at Eton and Oxford, and will make a highly attractive candidate.

IF the word had not been a little overdone of late, one might have been tempted to say that we had witnessed a revolution twice over this week in the proceedings on what is called the Bowles Bill—first, in the decision to exempt new taxation from the long-established practice of imposing all taxes from the date of the first resolution on each year's Budget, and, secondly, in the

general acceptance of an arrangement which, in effect, sets up a fixed time-table, or permanent guillotine, for future Budget debates. I do not know how much substance there may be in the suggestion that the first of those remarkable innovations was devised and supported as a contingent check on a possible future attempt to rush through a complete tariff of new taxes—the theory seems inconsistent with the time-limit imposed by the other amendment. At the same time, it is a little curious that Mr. Austen Chamberlain's energetic and well-thought-out lead in opposition to the proposal would have been pointedly declined by the majority of his party, about a dozen of whom actually transferred their votes to the anti-tariff lobby. A good many Liberals, I imagine, who would have been willing to take such tariff risks as might be supposed to lurk in the old system of collection in preference to voting for the new principle of discrimination, were drawn into the same lobby by Mr. Chamberlain's very earnestness to keep them out of it.

THE anti-censorship party in the House will, of course, follow up their victory of Wednesday. The situation is a little like that of woman suffrage. The Cabinet is probably divided, but all the most influential Ministers (including, I think, the Prime Minister) are against the Censor, and might have made this plain but for a feeling of delicacy for the Lord Chamberlain's rather sad position. In the House there is an obvious majority, for the Government did not think it well to challenge a division. It would be proper, therefore, to appoint a non-party Committee, and for it to approach the Government and ask for "facilities" for a Bill.

I AM glad to hear that since "Mark Rutherford's" death, the always good and steady sale of his books has greatly increased.

A WAYFARER.

Life and Letters.

THE SENSIBLE MAN.

THE piquancy of the saying about the religion of all sensible men must disappear, if a sensible man once tells. Indeed, it might very well be maintained that the tell-tale man lost his claim to rank among the sensible by the very fact of telling. But, if we adopt the rigorous logic of this position, we must dismiss as a simple contradiction in terms the interesting confession made by Mr. David Alec Wilson in his little book, "The Faith of all Sensible People" (Methuen). Now, the book ought not thus to be dismissed, for it is a sincere attempt to set forth the modification in thought and feeling upon the deeper issues of life wrought by modern criticism upon what we may call the typical British mind. This typical Briton is a true standard. The term "sensible" has been invented or converted by himself in order to describe his conscious merit. For this purpose he has disentangled it from a whole cluster of adjectives springing from the same root, sensitive, sensuous, sensual, sentimental, sensational, and has openly discarded the connection with its substantive, "sensibility." Indeed, the sensible man, being essentially of a cautious character, can best be defined by the indirect process of exclusion. He is the man of "no nonsense." But that

statement does not, of course, carry us very far towards a "faith." It only signifies in the first intent that a man shall not become the victim of a fad or a delusion, or any extravagance of thought, feeling, or conduct, but shall preserve his balance and conserve his powers.

But the more solid contents of the sensible mind lie in its attitude towards religion, philosophy, and politics. And it is here that the "sensible" man is to be distinguished from the "mean sensual man." For the latter remains always a conventionalist in weighty matters. His religion and politics he takes "on faith" from his surroundings, and his philosophy contains no theory, but is an emotional attitude of "stoical" endurance, qualified by a quantum of "epicurean" practice. But the sensible men whom Mr. Wilson represents are of a higher type of brains, feeling, and culture. They have a clear, positive, and consistent attitude towards the deeper problems of thought and conduct. This attitude Mr. Wilson finds expounded in the proverbs in which the common sense of the ages has found expression through the words of some man of genius. These proverbs or accepted sayings are full of a certain spirit of good-humored scepticism regarding all knowledge about matters outside man's immediate ken. Not at all in the spirit of mysticism, but of trenchant common sense, they point to the impenetrable mysteries that meet the understanding when it leaves the region of useful middling generalisations, and seeks to plumb the ultimately great or the ultimately small, final principles or individual idiosyncrasies.

Mr. Wilson has a great admiration for the practical wisdom of the Chinese, who have had a longer time than others to mature "sensible" views of life, and who in Confucius have the advantage of a supremely good expositor. Most of these utterances are simple common-places which are habitually disregarded, not because they are not valuable, but because we are not "sensible." Though sensible men have so often warned us that words are the counters of fools, our culture not only fails to guard us against such fooling, but is itself largely engaged in fashioning new words to fool us. This, indeed, is why "all sensible people" are a little shy of the sort of skill and learning which trades as "culture." It tends to substitute knowledge of words for knowledge of things, and so to draw people away from the realities of life. For sensible men clearly will confine themselves to "realities," and what is more, to such realities as the limits of their minds enable them to comprehend. So they will eschew psychology, metaphysics, and theology. It is thus that the scepticism of the sensible man begins to open out. He will not impute motives, because it is foolish to attempt to understand spiritual idiosyncrasies. As the Chinese proverb tells us, "The fish dwells in the depths of the sea, and the eagle lodges in the sides of heaven; yet your arrow may reach the eagle, and your hook the fish, but the heart of another man beside you can never be known."

But if the sensible man refuses to go far into psychology, he will utterly eschew all systems of religion and philosophy, because they disable him from doing his proper work as a man living and working in conditions that he knows and can handle. A man who is actively struggling for a material and spiritual livelihood among the known facts of life will feel no disposition to tamper with the unknowable. For Mr. Wilson is convinced that the sensible type of man in all countries and ages, such men as Confucius, the writer of *Ecclesiastes*, Shakspere, Goethe, Carlyle, were in substantial agreement in their reduction of religion and philosophy to the lowest common terms. Such men are not concerned with theories of the Universe or even of the destiny of man. "Assuredly, the sublimest thinker who essays the absurdity of giving a rational account of a universe whereof he cannot know the millionth of a millionth part, resembles a sick child, who does not know what he wants, and will not be happy till he gets it." Mr. Wilson holds that all sensible people to-day have virtually abandoned theology and metaphysics, either discarding them after trial as invalid methods of attaining truth, or instinctively shedding them as enervating modes of spurious culture. Formerly it required an exceptional

strength of mind and character to make this renunciation. Now it belongs to the common stock of free-thought accessible to all. "The recognition of the fragmentary nature and necessary limitation of our knowledge, the full view of the fact that the world as a whole can never be explained by any words or formula, is the open secret of modern culture." The Reformation was a groping after this discovery; modern science has definitely made and published it. It has become part of the accepted creed of an ever-widening circle of the "sensible." As a consequence, the discovery will involve an abandonment of idle intellectualism and vapid emotionalism, and will reconcile culture with the claims of practical common-sense. We shall no longer fuddle ourselves with metaphysics, or fashion idle dreams of another world.

"The great thing to avoid is thinking about thinking or feeling about feeling, which is as hurtful to the living soul as vivisection is to the body. It was natural for men to be bogged in that way while they fancied that they might hope to explain the universe. But now we know that the longest life of man is like the passage of a bird through a lighted hall, a fluttering into light out of darkness, a flurried groping around, and hurried departure into the dark again. All we have time for is to wake up and look around, see and learn what we can, do what is right, and try, as in a matter of life and death, to make as few mistakes as possible." Critical readers will, however, observe that Mr. Wilson does not so much discard as simplify religion and philosophy into a sort of theistic monism. For he discloses as a great truth, what was once the esoteric possession of such rare natures as Rabelais and Spinoza, Shakspere and Goethe, and is now within the reach of all, the doctrine that "God and Nature are one living reality, and that God is good." The religion of all sensible men is contained in Pope's familiar couplet:—

"All are but part of one stupendous whole
Whose body Nature is, and God the Soul."

But it may be said: Is not this a final distillation of the processes of metaphysics and theology? It may, no doubt, be reached this way; but most "sensible men" get it in a simpler, more informal, possibly instinctive way, as part of the wisdom of life, which "comes" to those who live sensibly.

Perhaps the most interesting feature of the confession is the testimony it bears to a spirit of recalcitrance against intellectual and spiritual systems among intelligent people. There is, as an integral product of modern culture, a breaking away from creed, party, or school, as injurious to spiritual liberty. With many persons of literary or artistic tastes this is an almost aesthetic abhorrence of confinement in any creed. This instinctive feeling is doing perhaps as much to weaken the hold of Church or party as any reasoned scepticism. Now that conventional bonds are wearing thin, increasing numbers of educated persons are too timid to "commit themselves." But along with this there goes the genuine scepticism of "tough-minded" persons like Mr. Wilson, men who have travelled much in mind and body, and have learned how difficult it is to glean the knowledge needed for the spiritual food of daily life, and how much more difficult to reap the harvest of the slippery fields of speculative theology or metaphysics:—

"Myself when young did eagerly frequent
Doctor and Saint, and heard great Argument
About it and about: but ever more
Came out by the same Door as in I went."

The plain recognition of limits, the filling up of the ample enclosure with sound work, and the acquisition of useful knowledge for the service of man, form the substance of the "sensible" creed. This creed will never satisfy two other sorts of men, the super-sensible who will continue to wander across the limits, claiming to conquer the illimitable hinterlands, and the superstitious, who, dispensing with the labors of conquest, will continue to cherish empty charters of unseen lands. Both will blame the cowardice or the narrowness of vision which rules this sensible economy. But candor will recognise in it a master key to the modern type of

the efficient and successful Briton, the man who sticks to the business in hand, tries to see things as they are, and to make them what he thinks they ought to be, without bothering to understand final principles or ultimate standards. The limits of such success, and the defects of such sensibility, lie, in the nature of the case, hidden from the vision of "all sensible people."

BURKE AND ANTI-BURKE.

THE ghosts of great men have an erratic habit in walking. It would be hard to say what trick it is of reminiscence which has made Burke in recent years a peculiarly vivid presence. For some of us the great orations on the American War rang out with a still resonant echo during the Boer campaign. For others the angers of the Indian speeches made the pleadings of modern Nationalists seem familiar in everything save their moderation. Burke, to say the truth, has something of the elusiveness of the Walpurgis spectre who wore the shape of every man's first love. The great storehouse of his passions and his phrases has the catholicity of a Bible. Each man can find in it what he seeks. There was no straining of interpretation when Lord Hugh Cecil made of Burke the foundation for his eloquent but boldly negative exposition of Conservatism. Nor is there any wilful forcing of the text in the reverent and enthusiastic study from a Liberal standpoint which Professor MacCunn has just consecrated to him ("The Political Philosophy of Burke," Arnold). But his title, to our thinking, conveys the praise of the injudicious friend. One might as well talk of the metaphysics of Comte or the mysticism of Bentham as of the philosophy of Burke. It is one of the really good traditional jokes of the schools, that the man who denies philosophy has himself embarked on metaphysics. In that sense one must allow that Burke possessed a bold and confident philosophy. Against his will, he was forced into the upper air, in his furious pursuit of the "political aeronauts." But we can conceive of no thinker who lends himself less readily to a systematic exposition, divorced from the facts of his time. His was a volcanic intellect, which flung up principles, in its moments of eruption, and poured them forth pell-mell with the vituperations and the exaltations. It is chilly work to analyse cold larva.

No logical dissection can reach the inner truth of Burke. Every statement of a truth in an orator and pamphleteer is colored by the occasion, the emotion, and the mood of the audience to whom it was addressed. It was in the process of "diffusing terror" that most of these philosophical *obiter dicta* were uttered. The real nerve of the thinking of a mind so vehement, so passionate, so essentially dramatic, is to be sought, not in some principle which was the major premise of his syllogisms, but in some pervading emotion. Fanny Burney said of him that when he spoke of the Revolution his face immediately assumed "the expression of a man who is going to defend himself against murderers." That is exactly the tone of all the later utterances. Burke's mission was to spread panic because he felt it. By no other reading can one explain or excuse the rage of his denunciations of the estimable Dr. Price, the most harmless of dissenting preachers, the pioneer among English pacifists, the first author (after Leibnitz) of a scheme for a sort of Hague Tribunal to abolish war, the thrifty calculator of annuities, who, even in the "Revolution" sermon which unleashed the furies of Burke's eloquence, was fain to give his brother Radicals a little homily upon the prodigalities of their private lives. If his was philosophy, it was philosophy seeing red.

But to do Burke justice, his was in the main a disinterested fear. We should, indeed, prefer to leave Miss Burney's malicious diagnosis altogether behind us, and call it a hatred of cruelty. Burke was not the man to take fire because he thought a principle was false. His was rather the practical logic which found a principle false because it led to evil, and the evil which caused his mind to blaze was nearly always cruelty. He pursued Rousseau and Dr. Price and Paine because their teaching, on his

reading of cause and effect, had set the tumbrils rolling, and weighted the guillotine for Marie Antoinette. It was precisely the same impulse which caused him to pursue Warren Hastings for his cruelties towards the Begum of Oude. The nerve of all this speculation was a nerve which twitched with a maddening sensitiveness at the sight of suffering. But to rouse his genius to its noblest utterance, it must needs be a suffering which he could personify and dramatise. He saw nothing of the dull peasant misery which, in truth, explained the Revolution. In Paine's immortal epigram, he "pitied the plumage and forgot the dying bird." But it is true, none the less, that while he pursued the friends of humanity, his real impulse was the hatred of cruelty, which moderns call humanitarian. To that hatred he was always true. No abstract principle, but always this dominating passion, covers his inconsistencies, and bridges the gulf between his early Whiggery and his later Toryism. In the French Revolution he saw only cruelty, and he opposed it as he had opposed Indian Imperialism, negro slavery, the savage criminal justice of his day, and the penal laws against the Irish Catholics. Shall we say of the man who would have enfranchised the Irish Catholics, maintained the Test Acts against Unitarians, and pursued Deists with all the terrors of criminal justice, that he taught or denied toleration? It would be folly to say either. He pitied the sufferings of his fellow-Irishmen. He hated advanced thinkers, because he pitied the *émigrés* who were their victims. Of Burke one must ask not so much: What did he believe? as: Whom did he pity?

Modern criticism is disposed to base the greatness of Burke on his inspired anticipation of the historical view of politics. Quotation has made classical those noble passages which glorify the continuous life of mankind, link the present by a chain of pieties to the past, conjure up a glowing vision of the social organism, and celebrate the wisdom of our ancestors and the infallibility of the race. The literature of controversy is thickly strewn with his phrases in praise of "prescription" and the "entailed heritage" of that sacred constitution which fathers must hand down to sons inviolate. The phrases ring rather less sonorous when one recollects that in bald prose they meant only one concrete thing—the defence of the unreformed franchise. The doctrine seems to rise to the height of a great principle when Burke clothes it in religious formulae, and the height measures its fall. When, in his sublimest periods, he appealed to "the known march of the ordinary providence of God," and saw in revolution and change an assault on the divine order, one sees, rigid and forbidding, the limitations of his thinking. The man who sees in history a divine tactic must salute the regiment in its headlong charge no less than the regiment that stands with fixed bayonets around the ark of the covenant. Said the Hindoo saint, who saw all things in God and God in all things, to the soldier who slew him, "And thou also art He!" The march of Providence embraced 1789 as well as 1688, and Paine and Godwin, Danton and Robespierre might have answered Burke with a reminder that they also were His children. No man did more than Burke to popularise the historical view of society, and no man has ever essayed a reading of history so wilful and so arbitrary in its rejections and selections.

It is to make a very partial and inadequate use of Burke to piece together his "philosophy" as though it were a systematic and self-contained whole. Burke's was the more eloquent voice in a mighty dialogue, but we question whether modern criticism has come near as yet to appreciating the significance of his adversaries. There are no unplumbed depths in Tom Paine. But in Godwin's quarry there is metal still undug. If Burke's was the faith that can accept history, Godwin's was the faith that makes it. If Burke bade us believe that all the best is inherited, Godwin's was the task to assure that no *damnosa hereditas* is quite irreparable. It was a sophistical skill in Burke which made the men of his own age see in the revolutionary thinkers only so many "metaphysical knights of the sorrowful countenance." The real significance of Helvetius and Godwin was not so much their intellectualism, as the work they did to

clear a path for the human will. It is a playing with words to represent their work as unhistorical. It was rather their endeavor to insist on the tyranny of environment, or, as they called it in the broad sense of the word, "education." Looking out on the wrecks and corruptions of the society about them, they refused to see in history the records of that unchangeable human nature to which Burke so often referred. They saw only what circumstances had made of man. It followed that changed circumstances would make another man. Turgot promised that with ten years of national compulsory education he would transform France. It is easy to smile at the innocence of his optimism, but the thesis at which the revolutionary school for ever labored is the necessary assumption of any progressive creed, the inevitable presupposition of every will to reform. We have changed the terminology of the argument, but it confronts each generation afresh. When Helvetius put forward his provocative theory that all men are equal until the various training of their understandings and the chance stimulation of their perceptions have introduced inequality; when Godwin retained enough of this conviction to enable him to argue for the perfectibility of man, and the gradual education of the whole species in "the pleasures of universal benevolence," they were declaring in their enthusiastic way what we mean to-day when we say that on the whole environment is more important than heredity in the production of mind and character. It is the basis of all political hope. When they demanded the deliberate alteration of its environment by the conscious effort of the human reason, they were but attempting to apply in politics the theory which Weissmann stated in biology. "That acquired modifications are not transmitted"—one may translate it at once into revolutionary poetry. It is Shelley's "The World is weary of its past."

But much water and blood had flowed under the bridges of the Seine, between Helvetius and Godwin. If Burke represents the simple reaction of recoil from the excesses of the Revolution, Godwin's was an amazingly subtle and elaborate readjustment. It is his Olympian way to mention neither opponents nor events. He pursues his arrogantly systematic argument, his right hand busied with Burke, his left with Rousseau, now fronting the English Reaction, and then swiftly dealing a backhander at the French Terror. He travels in the running fight more ground than most of his successors have made in a century. It was the double experience of Conservative repression and revolutionary despotism which drove him into the final logic of his philosophic anarchism. How much, one wonders, of his elaborately marshalled arguments against all coercion and all punishments, against every form of State action save—perhaps and occasionally and for the present—defence, against even the collective efforts of political associations, did his contemporaries assimilate? We read him to-day with a comprehension sharpened by familiarity with Tolstoy. They preach in essentials the same doctrine—the same belief in the efficacy of moral argument to stay the aggressor's hand, the nearly equal readiness to adopt an attitude of non-resistance, the same unqualified individualism, the same escape from it in the preaching of fraternity, the same hatred of the State, the same loathing of revolutionary effort. Tolstoy found his premises in the Gospels. Godwin sifted Rousseau and Helvetius. But in both men it was a parallel experience which produced the same creed. They had each seen the uttermost shame of legitimate power, and the degeneration of revolutionary effort. The same explosive and subversive quietism gave to each of them an exaltation which authority itself respected. It was the lesser men who went to Siberia and Botany Bay.

"THE CALL OF THE WILD."

"And mind you don't get stabbed!" That was the parting word of the captain of the band to his faithful emissary, and certainly the situation would have made a feebler spirit quail. It was towards evening, and the dusk was gathering with thin mist, blue against the

yellow lights that began to glimmer here and there. The passage was narrow and almost dark. It ran down-hill between high walls, and there was a crook in the middle, making the further end invisible. At the top of a slight eminence, the few survivors of the band were gathered, standing resolutely back to back, like men resolved to sell their lives dearly. In their centre stood the captain, holding still aloft a red handkerchief knotted to a stick, the tattered symbol of an Empire's grandeur. There was no hesitation in his command. He was a born leader of men, knowing when to take the risk himself, and when to lay it upon others. Down that darkening passage the faithful emissary must go, for who knew what enemy might be lurking at the other end? And he must go alone, for not another living soul could be spared from the defence. The captain did not hesitate. In quick, decisive tones he gave the command. Only, as a precaution, or perhaps with just a touch of human pity for a man foredoomed, he added the words: "And mind you don't get stabbed!"

It is true, no poignard glittered there, no enemy lurked, no danger awaited. The wall on one side was a Board School's, on the other a wash-house. The scene was as secure as civilisation, protected by an efficient police force, could make a gentle suburb. Busy as the devil is, no human soul upon the terraqueous globe meditated evil against that little band of desperate resistance. But such trivial accidents of time and space made no difference to the inner truth. No Huguenot on St. Bartholomew's Eve stood more obstinate for unsullied death than did that captain. No Montague, stealing by night through Verona's forbidden streets, was braver or more terrified than that lonely emissary. For the average age of the band was twelve, and they were dramatising life for the hour before tea-time.

We may like it or not, but we have to accept it: the human child passionately loves adventure, peril, and bloodshed. It may love them best in imagination, but to a child the difference between imagination and reality hardly counts, and in this rather peaceful country the chances of reality are always dwindling. Darwin may have exaggerated when he said that, from the first conception of the embryo up to the full development of a grown man, the human being passes through all the stages of life's incalculable past. He may have exaggerated, but all decent men and women know that they themselves have passed through the Stone Age, the Cave Age, the Wigwam and Scalp Age, and probably the cloak and rapier age. To that extent, each summarises history, and rapidly repeats the tradition of the elders. We have no doubt it has always been so, and the Elizabethan boy went Crusading, and died for the White Rose or the Red. Later, we believe, the children played at Turks, and an echo of their terrifying game lingers in the nursemaid's despairing cry, "Drat that Master 'Eney. He's a young Turk!" in which no reference is implied to the Positivist reformers of the Sultan's rule. But last century, the faults of which we are beginning to see so plainly as it recedes, was the age in which childhood at last came by its own. Through Wordsworth and Dickens it revealed to grown-up people the heart of a child; to the child it revealed the Red Indian.

He is fast vanishing now—that noble Redskin, grave and reserved in speech, hook-nosed as his hatchet, hair lanky as the prairie grass, scarlet feathers on his head, moccasins of raw deerhide on his feet, scalps for his girdle, and wampums somewhere else. With his squaw, his wigwam, and his pipe of peace, he has gone. He has followed the grizzly bear, the mustang which he used to "crease," and the bison which gave him drinking-cups of its horns and the noble sustenance of its hump. Or if he remains, he is fed on Government doles in a limited reserve, a spectacle for tourists; just as the poor relics of his own bison are herded in a "Park," as though a bison were no better than a County Council duck. So die Laughing Water and Thundercoming-over-the-Hills. Let us be gentle to their bones, for the Greeks themselves hardly conferred greater benefits upon the race of man. Their spirits, too, have

joined the choir invisible, and in the Happy Hunting-grounds of childhood's fantasy they swing the axe and follow the trail, and sleep on shaggy skins under the stars.

Outside that infinite land of spirits, their true memorial is the Boy Scout. Not that the Boy Scout always dreams of the Redskin, as last century's children did. Very likely he knows that the boundless prairie is now planted with wheat, and that nearly all the earth is discovered and possessed. But the life he would love is still the Indian's life—to follow the trail, explore untrdden fields, take bearings by the sun, cook flesh in lumps of clay among the camp-fire's embers, creep for shelter under the tent-flap, or sleep in a blanket beneath the stars. He, too, would be a backwoodsman; he feels the call of the wilderness, and the horn of the old forest blows in his heart. Many years ago, in the midst of boasted decadence and the languid air of a "fin de siècle," the present writer tried to answer that call, that trumpet sounding in the blood. Meeting at Aldgate Pump, casting off on Mile End Waste, and drawing the covers of Cambridge Heath Road, his merry hunt pursued a subtle and imaginary prey. All clad in British red, to the throb of the war-drum and the blare of England's bugles, his youthful armies marched, like Alexander's hosts, to the conquest of the East End. The ringing plains of Aldershot knew them, and the white cliffs that guard our holy shores, watchful for ever. So strong is the love of comradeship that he could never afford more than a little fraction of his recruits. Given £1 a head, he could have rivalled the Regulars in multitude, have purged the Houses of Parliament like Colonel Pride, and considerably amended the course of legislation.

But the new century brought a better spirit, a more widely diffused vigor, as new centuries, through some queer trick of the mind, invariably do. The Boy Scout was invented. The working-boys' Cadet Battalions are good; so are the Boys' Brigade and the Church Lads' Brigade. But the Boy Scouts are for many reasons better. They are an invention of genius, a finer service than Mafeking's defence. The rules demand obedience—always the easiest, most pleasant, and most dangerous of the virtues; but, compared with a military organisation, the dangers of obedience are reduced almost to nothing. It is true that behind every military command reason is supposed to lurk, and it usually does. But a bad officer can shelter himself under the word of command and the duty of obedience without further explanation. So, both for officer and men, individuality is lost, and obedience becomes a dull and unintelligent habit. No Scoutmaster may treat his twenty-four Scouts like that. The reason is always there, and he is there, not to have it obeyed, but to explain it. The whole object of the service is, not to ensure uniformity by rule, but to develop individuality and personal enterprise to the utmost. The method is not to teach drill and create imitation soldiers, but to create fine backwoodsmen, and educate in all the most interesting things of life. Read the Chief's "Scouting for Boys"; it is a liberal education in itself. Apart from libraries and book-knowledge, it contains all that a fine and versatile education could give. It is full of variety and open-air. A boy who had mastered its various branches, from the war-dance to life-saving, would stand self-sufficient in mind and body to confront almost any physical emergency, whether in backwoods or streets.

We reckon the Scouts, whether boys or girls, as one of the greatest and most hopeful movements of our time. Even on the physical side, England cannot neglect such a means of counteracting the evils of our cities and our poverty. Speaking last week upon education, Mr. Pease mentioned that out of over six million children now on the register of our primary schools, one-half had bad teeth, ten per cent. bad eyesight, five per cent. bad hearing, five per cent. adenoids. The Scout is from the first taught cleanliness, to take special care of his teeth, to practise seeing, hearing, and smelling (senses which degenerate so rapidly in civilisation that in South Africa the inferiority of our soldiers to the Kaffirs in all of them

was pitiful); and the Scout is very carefully taught the proper way of breathing through the nose. In these islands there are now about 150,000 boys between eleven and eighteen being trained in these simple and necessary habits without pain or special trouble. Rather, they are trained with the greatest possible delight, with the finest satisfaction to all the urgent claims for comradeship, for the fulfilment of energy, for an answer to the clamorous call of the wild. If only more grown youths above eighteen would come forward as Scoutmasters, before the shades of the counting-house began to close upon them and they lost the glorious vision of their boyhood, the number of the Scouts could easily be doubled and quadrupled. Look at a Scout, how eager in mind and body he is, how serious, alert, versatile, and clean, how reasonable and polite! Would it have no effect on our national life if half-a-million of our boys and girls had a chance of looking like that even once a week instead of dawdling about the streets with "fags," or frowning in back-parlors eating sweets over a girls' fashion paper?

On what is called the "moral" side, the regulation enjoining one good deed a day, and the deliberate cultivation of honor and "chivalry," there is always a danger of goodness prepose and a self-consciousness of virtue. No doubt, like everything unconscious, the unconscious virtue is best, and precepts can no more produce goodness than chemicals can produce a flower. But still there seems to be room even for a touch of consciousness in our city education. Take the fine flower of it as seen in the mobs that have crowded in thousands to Hyde Park the last three or four Sundays in order to enjoy the sport of woman-baiting. The Boy Scouts will not grow up like that. They bring with them something that our education evidently lacks, and it will grow like leaven from year to year. One is likely to forget that the movement itself is only five years old. The Scouts have not yet grown up, but we believe it would be hard to exaggerate the future influence of their open-air life, their cleanly interests, and the success of their voluntary enlistment upon our national health, our manners, and our method of defence.

THE RELIGION OF ANIMALS.

ONE of the most interesting of Mr. Ernest Thompson Seton's lectures, given in London this week, was that of last Thursday on "The Natural History of the Ten Commandments." Mr. Seton is nothing if not bold in his theories. As he says, you can best discover a brick wall by running into it, and the way to add zest to research is to start with a theory, however grotesque, that can be modified by each fact as it turns up. There is nothing very grotesque in the fancy that the lower animals may model their behavior on some such instinctive minimum as our own Ten Commandments. The rights of personal property are continually disregarded, but in the very manner of their invasion we see unimpeachable evidence that they are ideally recognised. Mr. Seton gave the case of a small wolf that had cached a bone which a far more powerful wolf found. Thereupon the little proprietor came to defend its property, their respective relative fighting values were reversed, and the rightful owner beat off the aggressor.

If the fight had taken place before the ownership of the bone had been established, the big wolf would have easily conquered. He may not have been present when the bone was acquired, so that he might feel that he had a right to reopen the question of its distribution. If such a feeling exists, it is not strong enough to upset the law of the possessor, the maxim of *res judicata*. It may be enough that the sense of outraged justice strengthens the defender. It seems to be an unavoidable corollary that a perception of the same weakens the aggressor. Some people think that before it can be regarded as a moral sense, it must be actively held and enforced by the impartial public. When we heard the story of the wolves we expected for a moment to be told that the other members of the tribe took up the cause of property and helped the weaker wolf to

drive the bully away. Positive communal law is not essential to the demonstration of ethics. Nevertheless, something of the sort does sometimes occur among the lower animals.

When the cat goes near the blackbird's nest it is not only the blackbirds that give it battle. A number of birds that you would have thought had nothing to do with the affair take part against the common enemy. Even the great tit, himself a killer, assumes the rôle of virtue, and takes a great part in the mobbing. Communal punishment for crime has been attributed to no bird so generally as to the rook. We do not believe, though, that it has been shown that rook justice is dealt out for breach of any of the Ten Commandments. The prime offence taken cognisance of is the national one of separatism. The rook that builds outside the ordained limits of the rookery has its nest demolished, and, it seems, may lose its life for it. They are notorious thieves of one another's building-materials, but it is apparently left entirely to each owner to look after his own property. It only requires that he or his mate should stay at home while the other is bringing sticks, for the moral precept, "Thou shalt not steal," is quite strong enough in the breast of the most hardened robber to prevail when the owner is watching.

It might be a good thing for the rook community if thieving were a crime as well as a sin. On the other hand, it is conceivable that the practice of pilfering one another's building-materials may tend towards a closer communism, like that of the weaver finches, which build not only in one rookery, but all under one thatch, to the construction of which every bird contributes. It is among animals living or working in bands that the temptation to steal from a member of one's own species first becomes strong. It does not occur to the crow to go a long way to the next crow's nest and gather a little cheap material. If it does, the natural seclusiveness of the species has already made it impossible for him to make even a preliminary survey. The rights of property begin with the tree, or even with a wider area. In the winter when the crow joins a pack, it practises a morality adapted to, or perhaps degraded by, the new circumstances. The crows then steal from one another just as the rooks do, and no doubt with the same qualms raised by an innate sense that it is wrong.

The Commandment that the animal really does understand is the fifth. The days of the young wolf in the land are strictly proportioned to the honor it gives, or at any rate to the attention it pays, to the teaching of its parents. Mr. Seton shows how, when the new introduction of strichnine had almost exterminated the wolves in the North-West, the survivors were so able to teach the rising generation the signs of the new murder that it soon ceased to claim victims. He says:

"Of course, there is often a fool among youngsters—one who knows better than his mother. He will go ahead and investigate the funny smelling meat, or the hard shining stone, and he is early killed. The fools are soon weeded out. But those who obey their parents have their days prolonged in the land."

This precept in our code, though it is the only one that has an argument attached to it, and that of a strictly utilitarian nature, stands next after the purely theological Commandments, and next before one that is more ideal than those concerned with ownership. That law against adultery is so strictly observed by many widely separated kinds of the lower animals that a breach is scarcely on record. Those who breed blue foxes for the sake of their skins have tried in vain to break down their adherence to monogamy. Even when death breaks the union, it is difficult to get the survivor to take a new mate. Our own fox has almost the same character. If it is less adherent to the ideal, our fox-hunters are to blame in making the vixens so much more numerous than the dogs that polygamy sometimes occurs.

A striking virtue of the lower animals, quite incomprehensible to the average man, is the complete lack of desire to avenge an injury. The thief or murderer has not to reckon at all with the prospect of being punished, except by the rough buffets of prevention if he is caught red-handed. The convention of letting by-

ones be bygones obtains between all kinds, as well as within each species. We know of it when we ourselves attack animals, and are always surprised at it. The lion and the bear will defend themselves by counter-attack, but they will not nurse up an injury and come and repay it. Some assert that the wolverine will do so by visiting the trapper's house when he is away, and destroying its contents. It is a little habit of the wolverine with any human store, and there is no evidence that it has ever been dictated by the idea of revenge. Mr. Seton's evidences of a belief in a supreme being, interesting as they are, do not appear relevant. They are cases of animals attacked by other animals seeking the protection of man. The ordinary man will not give in a day or a week any more outward evidence of his dependence on the Great Spirit than does the ordinary animal. There is no supplication when the thunder roars, no change of demeanor in awful and solitary places. Sometimes there is fear, but just as often a stolid fortitude and resignation that the best Christian would sometimes like to imitate. A thing beyond our understanding, with all its resources of religion and philosophy, is the stoicism with which the rabbit allows the ferret to bite a hole in its back while it gazes unflinchingly into space and seems to meditate on the Great All.

Short Studies.

A JAPANESE GIOCONDA.

On moonlight nights Grier used to sit on the upper verandah of the large pavilion of wood and glass where he lived, watching the geisha boats on the canal outside. Sometimes he did not stir away until the fading lantern lights and waning music told him canal life was falling asleep.

These scenes nourished in him a certain dangerous romance.

As it was but a step from his door to the little landing stage, he went to work each morning by barge. The skipper, an old, shrivelled waterman, who knew a little English, often asked him: "You not take Japanese wife yet?"

"No," Grier answered.

"Why not?"

"I go to my country next year."

"Ha! ha! That is long time more," the old fellow laughed.

And Grier, who secretly longed for such a romance, reflected: "It is a long time."

After Fuji San's arrival, he wondered why he had hesitated so long. His rooms assumed a new aspect: his comfort was doubled. In those early days he sent for an interpreter twice a week to assist them to talk.

"Ask her what she thinks of me," said Grier, who knew that even were she quite discontented, she would still wear the eternal smile of the women of her race.

"She says she like you very much."

"Ah!" said Grier.

"Yes, she say you number one all right," Sakagami continued.

"Indeed."

"Yes, she say you have a very kind heart. She will be very unhappy if you do not stay with her for ever."

"H'm."

"Yes. She want you to take a little house. She already can cook one English dish, and you shall teach her many others."

"What can she cook?"

"Rice cake."

Grier almost laughed. But Fuji San's face was still and demure as she sat on her crossed ankles on the spotless matting. How pretty she looked in her bright kimono embroidered with storks, with her high coiffure of rich jet hair, and the soft, pink tints of her small oval face contrasting against Sakagami's parchment visage! Two slim fingers toyed nervously with her sash.

But Grier did not want a house. That would have rooted him down too firmly. To please Fuji, he went

with her one hot day on the tramcar into the pretty localities along the canal banks, and they looked into many small domiciles of wood and paper, which moved her to ecstasy. When she showed him a green nook where a house might be built, he stood meditating as if it might be done, then decided solemnly—

“ Impossible.”

“ *Gomen-asei* (Excuse me),” she said with a graceful bow.

He began to notice new pretty ornaments and floor mats dotted about his rooms, and still others which Fuji stowed away.

“ For house,” she told him.

And Sakagami arrived to add the explanation: “ They are for the house that you will take bye-and-bye. O Fuji San buys them with the pocket money you give her.”

This moved Grier to present her with two beautiful kimonos of rich silk. At least she should have happy memories of him.

One day she learned two new words from her pocket dictionary, and as they were sitting on soft mats before their charcoal stove after tea, she put her hand on his sleeve, and looking up at him, said—

“ Husband!”

He smiled and nodded his head. But she still looked inquiringly, and parting her lips, she pointed her finger in her mouth, thus indicating herself.

He did not at once speak, and her face fell.

“ Wife!” he exclaimed at last, caressing her hand, which brought back her smile.

How Grier revelled in their visits to the native theatres, where Fuji laughed and grew sad in turn as she was moved by the characters in the endless plays; and to the quaint little curio shops, where she was careful that the dealer did not cheat them; and, lastly, the tea houses for supper and ice-cream in the cool of the late evening! Her excitement on these occasions pleased him. It differed so much from her puzzling domestic calm.

“ I do not understand her,” he cried to Sakagami. “ I fear she is fond of me only for what I give her.”

The interpreter talked to her lengthily, and then said to Grier: “ She love you.”

“ And if I go to my country?” he asked.

“ She will die,” was the answer.

One day Fuji told him that the little god O Shaka San had appeared to her in a dream to tell her she must visit her home at Odawara. He laughed at the idea and said, “ You had ice-cream for supper that evening, I believe?”

“ Hi (yes),” she admitted, but could not associate that delicacy with O Shaka San.

She departed smiling, her purse filled handsomely with silver *yen*. Then Grier summoned the interpreter.

“ I go to my country,” he told him.

“ When?”

“ At once.”

“ Ah!” Sakagami uttered gravely, and he paused to listen unmoved to Grier’s explanation why, which he promised to translate faithfully on Fuji’s return.

Grier was listening in an adjoining room when she was told, and through the paper-panelled wall he heard her tremulous thanks to her countryman as he departed, for deigning to trouble about so humble a person as herself.

When Grier went in to her she was smiling, but a pallor fought with the pink of her cheeks. Then the gladness at seeing him fled as she realised afresh what had happened.

“ Grier San, you go—England?” she said.

“ Fuji,” he murmured.

Putting down her bulky string bag, she went to the open window and sat on a chair to breathe more easily the cool night air. When he knelt beside her and wept, she drew out her cambric handkerchief, and dried first his tears and then her own.

“ *E-yeh* (no), not cry,” she said, gathering courage at having to comfort him.

“ I am very bad,” he told her.

“ *E-yeh. Ichiban!* (You are first class),” she said.

“ Forgive me!” he implored.

“ *Hi! hi!* (yes, yes),” she said, not knowing what he meant.

She went to her bag and took out some little presents she had brought from Odawara—a small image of the god O Shaka San, some post-cards of her native village, some rosy home-grown peaches. “ You like?” she asked.

“ Oh, thank you, yes!” he said, and her eyes beamed gladness.

The task of packing Grier’s things, which took several days, had for Fuji its own absorbing interest. It left her smaller, and Grier thought he had to bend lower than ever to give—and take—the final kiss in their rooms. She was trembling as she turned her face up to his, and said, slowly:

“ *Anata wakarimas* my heart? (Do you understand my grief?)”

“ Yes, oh yes!”

“ My house—Odawara—you will not forget?”

“ No, impossible!” he vowed.

“ My name—Okada Fuji?”

“ I will never—never forget it!” he said.

“ Morning and evening—I shall pray Kama Sama*—you will come back to Japan.”

But Grier could not speak.

On the launch going out to the liner in the bay they almost laughed—in the golden sunshine it was like a pretty holiday trip.

“ *Sayonara* (Good-bye),” she said, at the last, on the gangway, as the siren shrilled for the departure. And then she used her latest English phrase, which he had not heard before—“ Never fear!” But Grier could only give her his hand.

They were separated by the bustling shore folk, and not until she was in the launch did he catch sight of her small figure again—face still upturned, receding from view.

Presently he was watching from the deck the wonderful transformation scenes in the distance, as the snow-capped peak of Japan’s sacred mountain vanished in the mists of sunset, whilst at the back of his mind he murmured—

“ You named me husband, and I called you wife. And so we are for ever. Such grief as yours!”

As for Fuji, when she steps ashore, she has regained her smile. The interpreter is awaiting her, and she greets him charmingly. They go in rickshas to the station, and journey South in the train, far, far from Odawara. And the purse containing Grier’s final gift is in the interpreter’s keeping. For Fuji has promised to become Madame Sakagami, and to help to make a home with the many pretty things intended for the house Grier did not give her. And Sakagami, who has long been saving cents to form a school, will not seek to fathom Fuji’s heart.

As a true Japanese, he will be content with her smile.

CARL R. FALLAS.

The Drama.

MR. SHAW’S “CÆSAR” AGAIN.

“ *Cæsar and Cleopatra.*” By George Bernard Shaw. Produced by Mr. Forbes Robertson at Drury Lane Theatre.

Chorus	GRINDEN BENTLEY.
<i>Julius Cæsar</i>	J. FORBES-ROBERTSON.
<i>Cleopatra</i>	MISS GERTRUDE ELLIOTT.
<i>Flauteeta</i>	MISS ADELINE BOURNE.
<i>Pothinus</i>	H. ATHOL FOODE.
<i>Theodotus</i>	S. A. COOKSON.
<i>Ptolemy XIV.</i>	MASTER RICHARD SEATON.
<i>Achillas</i>	WALTER RINGHAM.
<i>Rufio</i>	FRANK LACY.
<i>Britannus</i>	IAN ROBERTSON.
<i>Lucius Septimus</i>	PERCY RHODES.
<i>Apollodorus (the Sicilian)</i>	ALEX. SCOTT-GATTY.		

IT is a characteristic fault of our criticism that it usually omits to consider what a writer is driving at, and why he

* One of the chief gods of the Japanese.

chooses this theme or that, or applies to it one kind of treatment or another. Take the case of Mr. Shaw. There are certain notions about him which have become fixed in the public mind. He is, first of all, a wit—or rather a "droll." "Max" depicts him in the Leicester Galleries standing on his head, and suggests that he has stood there since Mr. Beerbohm was last in England. This gift of Mr. Shaw's is held to be at the disposal of the British people for its unlimited amusement; and that crucial point having been settled, its quality, intent, and the habits of thought and expression which it illustrates or veils, are considered to be of no importance whatever. And yet, though, like all wits, Mr. Shaw can be irresponsible, and, like a punster, insists on joking because he sees an opening for a joke, he is full of "intention." So much so that Mr. Shaw, the moralist, is only too apt to arrest Mr. Shaw, the artist, and, taking him before Mr. Be-good-and-let-who-will-be-clever, to have him bound over to be of good behavior. In other words, he is a serious critic of his times. And among such a critic's liberties is that of treating life as a whole, and satirising that which he knows and sees by an imaginative presentment of other times and scenes. Shakspere, Swift, Molière, who has not done this? But, as a matter of fact, Mr. Shaw is accused of doing it in a play which reveals much the most careful objective study of history that he has ever made. His Cæsar, says Mr. Walkley, is a mere "sprout" of Mr. Shaw's mind. "He takes a gentleman of fifty-four, and calls him (for fun) Julius Cæsar, and a girl of sixteen, whom he dubs Cleopatra, brings them together, and sets them talking as two people of their age, sex, and condition would naturally talk to-day." And this, exclaims Mr. Walkley ironically, is "history"!

Now the dramatic critic of the "Times" is, of course, a scholar, and presumably knows that Cæsar at the age of fifty-four, and Cleopatra at the age of sixteen, were brought together in Alexandria, at the time and under the circumstances which Mr. Shaw describes. But what he does not seem to realise is that Mr. Shaw's study of Cæsar is modelled with almost a copyist's exactness on Mommsen, and that the whole of this fascinating episode of the siege of Alexandria, and of the campaign which relieved it, may be seen, with Mommsen's following picture of the character of the statesman-soldier, in his famous fifth book. Indeed, there is so much detail, so much history, that the action of the drama is impeded so as to get it all in. Cæsar's clemency, the rapid movements of his soldier's mind, and the still quicker instincts and accommodations of his statesmanship, his temperance in eating and drinking, his elegance of dress, even his small personal vanities (such as the wearing of a wreath to hide his baldness)—all these habits of mind and body, and the cool, unrevengeful temper and realistic character which governed them—appear in Mr. Shaw's workmanship. But why did the theme attract him? Obviously, I think, because of Mommsen's description of Cæsar as standing aloof "from all ideology and everything fanciful." Here, therefore, was a conqueror after Mr. Shaw's heart. Humane, but no idealist. A reconstructor of society, without prejudice. An artist and an ascetic, or next door to one. Playing with worlds and states as on a chessboard, but all for utility. In a word, a true Fabian hero. Mr. Shaw takes this idealised but historic and brilliantly plausible sketch of a great man, and re-arranges it with much literalness, and under the limitations of time and place that this theme imposed on him. His play is an essay in dramatic history—good or bad—and possibly made unseemly in British eyes by the presence of jokes. These jokes are no more and no less anachronistic than Shakspere's study of Elizabethan politics in "Troilus and Cressida." But the history is there all the same.

My own criticism of "Cæsar and Cleopatra" would be that imagination plays not too great but too small a part in it. There are certain sides of humanity that simply do not appeal to Mr. Shaw. Passion is one of them. Talk of love, and he refers you to the police court. So when he brings Cleopatra on to the stage, he introduces you to Cleopatra the Cat, not

Cleopatra the Sorceress, and Cæsar makes a humdrum descent from the Lover, or at least, the Imperial Flirt, to the Pedagogue. Thus the mind all the while travels away from Mr. Shaw's picture of a cruel, pettish, cowardly school-girl, and her cold, smiling, wise tutor, to the dazzling figures of Shakspere's tragedy. For while there is a terrible death-close association between Antony and Cleopatra, the eternal image of thousands of such alliances since the world began, there is no such inevitable, and, therefore, interesting tie between this child, whom Cæsar is trying to make a Queen, and the conqueror of a world then approaching the last dizzy steps of his throne. It is all possible; the story of Cæsar's love-affair with the young Queen is perhaps unhistorical. But it is not dramatic; it is even a little ludicrous, and Mr. Shaw's nimble, glancing, restless wit has to be constantly at work to prevent the audience from laughing at it. And the reason of this partial failure is that Mr. Shaw is more of an intellectual than a dramatist. His interest is rather in Cæsar's ideas, which he often interprets (and but slightly modernises) with singular nobility of thought and expression, than in his soul. We miss, therefore, the intent, absorbed gaze of the artist on his work, the rich stores of sympathetic or indignant fancy which Shakspere lavished on the favorite creatures of his genius. Mr. Shaw wants to show—and does show—how charmingly, how reasonably, the affairs of the world may be conducted; what vain things are passion, revenge, or a narrow, pedantic idealism. This task he executes with great skill, and now and then, as in Cæsar's outburst over the death of Pothinus, with fine sincerity. But a good deal is word-play, jests—such as the highly agreeable fooling with Britannus—that carry off the philosophy of the play without springing inevitably from it. For, indeed, nothing much happens. Cæsar comes to Alexandria, and Cæsar goes. But while you feel the presence of a character full of grace and charm, and an intellect full of resource, the impression is much slighter than is left by Shakspere's mere sketch of the great Imperator. Mr. Shaw's Cæsar is a more reasoned, a more intellectually refined conception. But it is not quite the "mighty Julius," any more than his little Egyptian cockatrice is Cleopatra.

Yet this delightful if limited work is so incomparably above the level of our average dramatic achievement that it is refreshing to see it in such hands as Mr. Forbes Robertson's, and in such a theatre (full from floor to ceiling) as Drury Lane. Mr. Robertson hardly needs to make up his face in order to look a good deal like Cæsar (the chin and lips were the chief difficulty), and to bestow dignity, amenity, as well as the full charm and potency of his voice, upon his study of the conqueror. Miss Gertrude Elliott looked, as she should have looked, like the blossom of a beautiful woman, and Miss Adeline Bourne was much the best Ftataeteeta I have ever seen. Was Ftataeteeta also "historical"? I grieve to say that I do not know. But she and Britannus—a kind of early Podsnap—and Apollodorus (of Sicily and the Grosvenor Gallery) would make any play go.

H. W. M.

Art.

THE LOOKER-ON.

On the poster of the exhibition of "Max's" caricatures at the Leicester Galleries is a pen-and-ink sketch of the artist in the act of taking a note. Observe the calmness of the gaze which raises an eyelash of childlike wonder on his victim. It expresses the attention of the caricaturist, utterly fascinated by the surprises of the human form. But, more than all, it suggests why, on the whole, Max gives so little personal offence, seeing how far he goes: he is so detached.

It is odd that the world should be propitiated by detachment; benevolence and enthusiasm are more truly amicable qualities, but they have not the same fascination. The fact is, we are all in such a hurry, grinding

our own little axes, and hitting other people over the head with them, that the bystander and looker-on rouses in us a sense of respectful curiosity as to what he has to say. The boiler of pots we refuse to honor, not because he takes his talent to market, but because we feel that, whether he is by way of being an artist, or a novelist, or a philosopher, he is really playing the same game as we are, and not being an onlooker, he is therefore not likely to see things in a very different light from ourselves. "Max" as a caricaturist has, of course, his own sympathies and aversions. But he is a born looker-on, and here also lies the explanation of the fact which has surprised some of his critics into comment, namely, that living out of the actual pressure of the crowd, he should be so exactly posted up in all that is going on. Of course he has imagination, and imagination is the faculty of taking an ell where you are given an inch. But the effect he makes of being continually "on the spot" is not, as might be supposed, due to his knowing all sides of everything, but of seeing whatever does come to his notice in the light of an implacable detachment. The result in his caricatures may often seem like an attack; but look closely and you will discover in nearly every case that it is not the artist's bitterness or bias which has made people appear foolish, but the presence in him of a severe and formidable common-sense. Common-sense is not a ruling passion which one would first associate with a draftsman whose instinctive vision of human beings suggests that the lenses of his eyes are convex or concave, like those glasses outside the hospitable rendezvous of Pearce and Plenty. But the beauty and comedy of "Max's" work (and this is as true of his writings as his drawings) do rest upon this combination of two faculties, a turn for fantastic exaggeration, and an exquisitely sensitive standard of what is rational and sober.

The caricatures at the Leicester Galleries fall into three classes, and the first may be described as *coterie* caricatures. To appreciate fully the point of these, you must be one of a particular set. Humor, like morality, has its boundaries, and laughter is always the laughter of a group. Take the wit out of his particular and appropriate setting, and the angle from which he sees things will only make people smile good-naturedly. His point may be perceived as the sort of point which is undoubtedly a good one, but it will no longer amuse. Now "Max," who loves a deep little joke, and therefore one appealing to a limited circle, has always been attracted to *coterie* subjects. They are perhaps the most intensely amusing of all to the people who are in the know; but the unenlightened public can only sigh, "I'm sure that is very funny," and pass on. Certainly no kind of caricature rouses, within narrow limits, such a delicious thrill of *Schadenfreude* as these; and the best of it is that there is a subtle flattery conveyed by them as well, at least to the friends of the subject portrayed. It is a public exhibition; the conclusion is clear, "Yes, we are after all, as we expected, the hub of the universe." So, strange as it may seem, there are hundreds of people who would be delighted to purchase that satisfied sense of their own eminence, even at the cost of offering themselves up as sacrifices to "Max" in his most unsparingly fantastic mood.

The effect of living out of England, however, has necessarily made him fall back on more general subjects, and on the whole this is a gain. In no other of his previous exhibitions has he shown such admirable political caricatures (the second class into which his drawings can be divided). Take the picture, "Mr. Asquith in Office." He is seated facing you on a square block of some kind, with a cigar in his mouth, surrounded by a group of desperate figures, a suffragist, a "die-hard," a representative of the official Opposition, and a Socialist, who express in their gestures something of the despair we have observed in our friends when trying to open the lock of a well-made portmanteau whose owner has omitted to bring his keys. The legend is a quotation:—

"Come one, come all, this rock shall fly
From its firm base as soon as I."

The expression on the Prime Minister's face of shrewd, unheroic composure is admirable, and to anyone who knows the original, absolutely characteristic. Not less admirable is the drawing of Mr. Balfour and Mr. Bonar Law; the former a little in the background holding a small violin, the latter beating an enormous drum. Mr. Balfour soliloquises: "What virtuosity! How sure, how firm, a touch! What verve! What brio! What an instrument!" What a delicate, and yet cutting suggestion of the two types of public performer—and of the instinctive comment of the retired artist on his successor! The picture "Cold-shouldered Yet," in which Mr. Bonar Law is represented as trying to introduce "Tariff Reform," a highly dubious, diamond-ringed, rickety personage, with moist dark eyes, in a Union-Jack waistcoat, to John Bull who stoutly cuts him, is the most party-spirited of "Max's" political caricatures. As a rule his caricatures are not translatable into platform metaphors; it is character and the spiritual and personal relationships of politicians which interest him most; but this picture, enlarged and thrown upon the screen, with its inscription, "It's a queer thing, laddie, but there's evidently a sort of a somewhat about ye that does not inspire confidence," would do rapid execution at a public meeting. The picture of Mr. Justice Darling handing the limp Black-cap to his marshal with the words: "Oh, go and get some bells sewn on this cap, will you," is an example of downright, public-spirited, and honest personal satire.

Lastly, there are his caricatures, which are general criticisms of our times. Perhaps the most amusing of these is the one called "Nobleman's Memoirs," in which a prim, eagle-beaked woman is in the act of dictating:—

"I saw a good lot of the Prince of Wales—afterwards Edward VII.—in those days, and I must say that a better sportsman—and, I may add, a better pal—never stepped in shoe-leather. I remember once, after I had been having rather a rotten day at Newmarket, he came up to me, and, slapping me on the back, said, &c., &c."

Take the group from John Bull's Servants' Hall—the pompous butler ("The Daily Telegraph"), his motherly and particular housekeeper ("The Spectator"), and "Punch," a decayed and liveried serving-man. Or the deeper intuition which lies behind portraits of the Eighteenth, Nineteenth, and Twentieth Centuries—the grave misgiving on the innocent face of the nineteenth century, the sardonic gesture of the eighteenth, both fixed on the spectacle of the sweating, tearing, be-goggled creature racing ahead, and "only just thirteen."

"Max" is never better than when he is rendering literary criticism pictorially. His picture of Mr. Thomas Hardy composing a lyric by moonlight in a land stricken with barrenness and woe, and of Mr. Masefield stooping over the roofs of a rustic slum to catch the music of an altercation, are as admirable as the figures in his "Poet's Corner," and as subtly illuminating as the parodies in his "Christmas Garland."

M.

Letters to the Editor.

LORD HALDANE ON EDUCATION.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR.—You have placed all educationists under great obligation by securing from Lord Haldane a considered statement of the education problem from his standpoint. I venture to submit some friendly criticism of his statements and arguments, from the point of view of one who has had actual experience in administration of elementary education in the School Board era, and who has had special opportunity of gauging the attitude of those who are mainly concerned with the education provided in elementary schools.

I hope I may be forgiven for saying that in my judgment Lord Haldane's article is marked by great detachment from the real problems, that it is faulty in diagnosis, and lays emphasis on the wrong points. And yet I welcome his contribution for many reasons; especially because it is

important for us to know what is in the minds of philosophers and political leaders who have not had first-hand experience of social economy in industrial England.

Lord Haldane might with advantage refresh his memory as to the legislation on education in 1902, and subsequent attempts to legislate. Nothing has happened since to weaken the vehement strictures of Liberal critics of Mr. Balfour's Act, which Mr. Asquith said "absolutely upset their existing scheme of education. It abolished the School Boards. It established in place of them a non-representative authority. It gave to the denominational schools a complete public endowment." It is surely pertinent to ask the Lord Chancellor what has become of the grievances which the Government (of which he has all along been a member) has made abortive efforts to remedy. Public money is still being handed over to irresponsible "managers"; thousands of head teacherships are still reserved for a particular class of sectarians; thousands of villages are still denied fair-play as between one denomination and another. These questions are elemental and vital; and they involve principles which are more important even than University education. Lord Haldane will not take them in his stride, nor will he carry through an "enveloping movement" which will reduce these stern factors to incidental side issues. On the contrary, he will find them lying across the threshold as he approaches the temple of concord where education is to be discussed on its merits, for its own sake, and not from the point of view of church, chapel, or secularist. All honor to the Lord Chancellor if he discovers common ground on which Lord Hugh Cecil and Dr. Clifford can earnestly seek a *via media* towards a solution of the most irritating and desolating problem in the nation's politics.

The main legislative need at the moment is in regard to elementary education, as it has been since the Liberal Government came into power. Lord Haldane apparently regards the secondary school as the pivot in an educational system, and this I venture to think is an instance of misplaced emphasis. Secondary and University education will remain largely questions of money and administration, and do not excite the passions of either politicians or sectarians. The Act of 1902 succeeded in weakening contact between the people and those who administer education; there has been a diminution of control and a consequent loss of interest. The working-man of to-day has the vaguest notions of the powers that be in educational affairs. The present system of delegation to a committee—with an attenuated sense of authority, with no sense of responsibility, with flabby dependence on officials—has played into the hands of the bureaucrats who are distrusted by Lord Haldane himself, and who in Mr. Acland's opinion need a check. The last word, under the present system, is with the people who know next to nothing about this complicated business.

This question of the constitution of education authorities in England is much more important than appears on the surface. The recent experiments in elementary education have been in some respects untoward. Competent authorities declare that probably not a quarter of the boys who now leave school could pass the old sixth standard examination. The substitution of student-teachers for pupil-teachers seems to have been a loss rather than a gain; and the English artisan has found that means of livelihood for his children largely monopolised by students of less uncouth speech. Under the new order, the average English boy or girl is at a greater disadvantage than ever when compared with the same class in Scotland, or even in Wales. No wonder that the English workman who thinks at all about these matters looks with some contempt on the perfunctory resolutions of Trade Union Congresses, and relieves his feelings with indiscriminate anathema against both the people who do and the people who don't in matters educational. On this point I am in hearty agreement with Lord Haldane when he says, "if we are to solve this great problem, there will be needed above all keen interest on the part of the working classes." But that interest has been steadily waning, clearly as a result of the withdrawal of educational affairs from the arena of public discussion. The coming Education Bill must do something to change this disastrous trend of events, and one finds ground for hope in the declaration of the Education Minister that he personally prefers the *ad hoc* body to the present amorphous authority.

Finally, I would urge, not only the necessity of raising

the leaving age, but that the elementary stage of education shall be carried a couple of years beyond, to a point well within the borders of the secondary. This would (and should) mean free educational provision up to sixteen years of age, with a curriculum on the lines of the Scottish supplementary courses. Of Scotland, it has been said, "their learning is like bread in a besieged town: every man gets a little." I am sufficiently English to ask for everything that is good enjoyed by the Scots, and I feel sure that that eminent Scot, Lord Haldane, will lend his influence to secure this for belated Southrons in the near future.—Yours, &c.,

JOHN ROBINSON.

Leeds, April 14th, 1913.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—As a contribution to the symposium on the Lord Chancellor's article in last week's *NATION*, permit me to say that while I am heartily at one with him when he says that "a National System should be an unbroken whole, based on a ground plan in which the secondary school and the university also have been kept in view as a practical possibility for every boy or girl who enters as an elementary scholar," I do not agree with him that the present position of Secondary Education is the *weakest* point in our organisation. In the Midlands, at any rate, where the enormous majority of the people have to earn their bread by hand labor, it is not the secondary school which is the most urgent matter, but (a) the improvement of the curriculum in our elementary schools, so as to render it more applicable and useful to the future occupations of the children; and (b) the statutory raising of the age of exemption to fifteen, so that the children shall receive the fullest benefit from all they have learnt in their earlier years. As a member of an Education Committee which is really desirous of adapting its education to the special needs of the district, I deplore the want of control of the curriculum by local authorities. Government inspectors have usurped this function to the great loss of true education.

With the normal age of school-leaving raised to fifteen, and the last year devoted, to a considerable extent, to hand and eye work, boys and girls would be turned out of a greatly improved standard of intelligence, and ready to take their places in the factories and workshops in which they will find their life work.

With regard to secondary schools, we want to get rid of the word altogether. The dividing line between these and the elementary schools should be so fine as to be hardly noticeable. But, after all, a comparatively small proportion of our boys and girls can remain at school until seventeen or eighteen, and are therefore shut out from the advantages of so-called secondary training. Encourage the higher elementary and upper standard schools, improve their curriculum, grade it up to the age of sixteen, give small money grants for maintenance in the last year as an encouragement to parents to keep their children at school until sixteen, and you will create a glorious revolution so far as national training is concerned. This plan is greatly preferable to spending enormous sums on so-called secondary education—to a large extent for children whose parents can very well afford to pay for the privilege.

First things first. Until the present system of starvation of our elementary education gives way to something better, don't let us launch out in large expenditure for Higher Education.—Yours, &c.,

JOSEPH A. LECKIE.

Kippen, Streetly, April 14th, 1913.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—I am Chairman of the Managers of one of the largest Church of England Schools in London, and coming constantly into practical contact with the education of the young, I have read with the deepest interest the article which the Lord Chancellor has contributed to your columns on "A National System of Education." Lord Haldane's weighty article raises so many questions that it would be impossible to discuss them all within the limits of a letter. I shall confine myself to making a few observations on what he says ought to be the watchword of our democracy—"equality of educational opportunity."

As far as elementary education is concerned, this form of equality to a considerable extent exists. I admit that the children of the well-to-do are taught in smaller classes, and that the structural arrangements in schools for the well-to-do are sometimes superior. But, as far as relates to education itself, the children in our elementary schools are as well taught, and have in many cases a much more thorough grounding in the essential elements of education, than the children of the wealthy classes. It does not follow from this that the instruction in our national schools is all that it should be, or that there is no room for improvement. I believe that there is. All that I wish to emphasise for the moment is that the children of the working population, although they are taught different subjects, are just as well taught as any other class of children in the community.

It is when the child of the democracy reaches the age of fifteen that equality of opportunity between him and children in better economic circumstances disappears. When he reaches fifteen, the child of the people has to leave school whether he wishes to do so or not. In these circumstances the paramount question confronting us is this—How is equality of opportunity as between the various classes of the community to be maintained after the age of fifteen has been passed? In the first place the school age must be raised so as to enable parents who wish their children to remain at school beyond the age of fifteen to do so. Before the passing of the last Education Act, many of the boys and girls in the school of which I am Chairman—and some of them were the children of quite poor parents—remained at school till they were sixteen or seventeen. Others, again, possessing special aptitudes, after completing their course with us, went to Polytechnics for more advanced studies. Boys who remained with us beyond the age of fifteen were taught algebra, geometry, advanced mathematics, French, elementary science, both theoretical and practical art, including perspective, music, practical and technical instruction in wood and metal work. The girls had similar subjects, except that needlework and cookery took the place of wood and metal work. The results were very satisfactory, and equality of opportunity for all classes of the child population was maintained up to the age of seventeen. Were similar conditions revived, it might easily be maintained up to the age of eighteen.

It is perfectly true that the education these young people received was not the kind of training you would give a boy who was going up to Oxford or Cambridge. But although it was not the same, it was as good of its kind, and better adapted to the needs of young people destined, in most cases, for a commercial or industrial career.

I would say, let us aim at what is immediately practical, and let us see if we cannot get equality of opportunity for all classes of children up to the age of eighteen. We have now got it up to the age of fifteen. Let us see if we cannot raise it three more years.

One of the great stumbling-blocks in the way of such a proposal is the matter of expense. It is impossible to deal with such a huge problem at the end of a letter; but I believe that the cost of this change might be immensely minimised if, instead of incurring a vast expenditure on a brand new system of secondary schools, what I shall call "Senior Sections" were formed in our existing elementary schools. I believe that Senior Sections, such as I suggest, could be established at a minimum of cost; that they would raise the whole level of the school in which they existed; that they would be an incentive to the pupils in every department of the school; that they would be an intellectual stimulus to the teachers; that they would tend to elevate the whole tone of education throughout the country. In thousands of cases, parents who would never dream of sending their children to a purely secondary school, would be quite willing, and indeed anxious, to allow them to remain in the Senior Section of the elementary school where the whole of the child's education had been received.—Yours, &c.,

W. D. MORRISON.

St. Marylebone Rectory, 38, Devonshire Place, W.
April 16th, 1913.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR.—As you ask for criticism on the Lord Chancellor's article, I hope you will allow me to say a few words.

I am rather in the awkward position on this matter that, while the points on which I agree with the Chancellor are tolerably clearly stated in his article, the objections which I wish to raise are concerned with certain hints and suggestions about which it is difficult to understand how far he commits himself.

First, then, as to the points of agreement. I cordially sympathise with the Chancellor's desire to relieve the university of the burden of certain kinds of instruction which ought to have been acquired before going to the university. If this can be done by any reform of the secondary schools, I would welcome such reforms most heartily.

Secondly, I am very glad that the Chancellor recognises the unreality of much of the so-called religious difficulty he talks about, which will often provoke some sympathy with a well-known declamation of the late Mr. Rogers, of Bishopton.

With regard to my objections, I should like to precede them by mentioning that I have been for some years an active manager of an L.C.C. school. I mention this partly because some might consider that I was thereby put out of court as an interested party; partly because, on the other hand, I think some will admit that I have a right to be heard on educational questions. The point where my interest may seem to come in is in criticising Lord Haldane's hint about the State claim to choose the choosers of the school teachers. How far he would alter the existing arrangements in this matter I should like to hear. The old London School Board provided the schools with a most admirable set of teachers; and I have always regretted that that excellent body had to give place to one burdened with other duties. But if the L.C.C. will work harmoniously and sympathetically with the local managers, I doubt if any more active interference by a more central body can improve the choice of teachers.

But the point on which I wish more earnestly to insist is the danger of increasing and extending the powers of compulsion in the matter of school-attendance. Even when I served on the "B" Committee of the old School Board, I began to think that the advice and wishes of parents were too often set aside, unwisely, in this compulsory attendance. And with the curious enthusiasm for compulsion which has come over both of the great parties in the State, I dread much the results of such proposals.

I know that even schoolmasters who are eager to keep promising children longer at school, yet shrink from any plan which would ignore the special needs of parents, and the inclination of lads and girls of fifteen to choose immediate work rather than a longer period of school study.

I know, too, that this school compulsion is appealed to by the advocates of compulsory military service as a precedent for their proposals. Of course, it is easy to point out the differences between the two cases, but I am much afraid that the spirit which leads so many Liberals to advocate compulsion in civil matters will prompt them to accept the more tyrannical form of compulsion.—Yours, &c.,

C. E. MAURICE.

Eirene Cottage, Gainsborough Gardens, Hampstead.
April 14th, 1913.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR.—THE NATION is to be congratulated upon having secured for its columns so important and interesting a pronouncement on the new educational policy of the Government, as that sketched by Lord Haldane in your last issue.

With the general drift and purpose of the article all true believers in a National System of Education, in its best signification, will surely agree. There are, however, two passages which, taken together and wrenched from the context, seem to me to be open to misconstruction. I refer to the use of the word "efficiency" towards the end of the third column, and the whole of the last paragraph. The term "efficiency," coupled, as it is here, with "high standard," should be understood as expressing proficiency in all that pertains to the acquisition of noble character and good citizenship. Unfortunately, however, the word has come to be associated with ideas having different, not to say opposed, implication. Generally speaking, "efficiency" means special skill, capacity, cleverness, resource directed to some specific branch or section of the manifold depart-

ments of our civilised life. Now, without seeking to disparage this capacity, for it is certainly important, I should like to point out that there is a widespread belief (and recent physiological and psychological research has yielded some precise scientific *data* for this belief) that such proficiency is quite compatible with the worst possible moral character. Further, the value to the community of an individual so trained may possibly be quite outweighed by the harm a clever rascal can inflict upon the general welfare.

The introduction to the "Education Code" says: "The purpose of the public elementary school is to form and strengthen the character, and to develop the intelligence of the children entrusted to it." I would therefore urge that the most needed educational reform to-day is to make these words effective, so that they should not remain, as is too generally the case, the mere expression of a pious aspiration. Is there no practical means of inducing every teacher to feel that the actual realisation of this ideal is his true interest, as well as his aim and duty?

The phraseology of the last paragraph of the article might suggest to the hypercritically minded that, in the opinion of the Lord Chancellor, the good example of a foreign nation was capable of assuming the characteristic of a somewhat dangerous form of dumping!—Yours, &c.,

ST. G. LANE FOX PITT.

Travellers' Club, Pall Mall, S.W.
April 12th, 1913.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—Really Lord Haldane is "the limit," if I may use a vulgarism of a man who is never vulgar, in his airy ignorance of the English education problem. His article in your last issue seems to me an absurd attempt to balance the pyramid on its apex.

Take his statement that "we have got rid of the letter of the famous Cockerton doctrine," and that elementary education now includes "any sort of instruction . . . in elementary schools," &c. The exact opposite is the fact. The Cockerton doctrine, which might have been upset on appeal, was given statutory authority by Section 22 of Mr. Balfour's Education Act of 1902. It is acknowledged in the Code. It is the basis of the regulations and practice to-day. Talking to a friend high up in the Board of Education the other day, he said of this very "doctrine"—"it still hampers us." Lord Haldane simply does not know what he is talking about. His law, for a Lord Chancellor, is simply ludicrous!

He is just as bad in not realising what is really the fundamental fact in English education to-day, that the Act of 1902, though it has had the credit of squeezing out of existence many voluntary schools and putting a large majority of our children into Council (*i.e.*, publicly managed) schools, has simply starved and stunted educational progress. Here are a few facts:—We have a population increase of at least 50,000 a year, yet there are some 3,500 children fewer in the elementary schools of England than two years ago; the schools are overcrowded in many of our large towns, and in London, Birmingham, York, Manchester, Liverpool, and many others, it is an appalling lack of accommodation that has to be faced, due entirely to the direct and indirect results of Mr. Balfour's Act; nearly half of the younger children, and more than half of the children over fourteen, who were in the schools, have been hustled out to make room for the children between five and fourteen, who cannot be excluded under any pretence; this year's estimates give, therefore, £60,000 less than last year in grants to elementary schools, though the Board's demands and the rates are progressive. What we really must have is a restoration of the rights of the workers to an ordinary decent education for their children, with a varied curriculum and a place for every child and every child in its place. Mr. Balfour's incursion into education was disastrous, and has not achieved its prime object. Lord Haldane is just the same sort of very clever intellectual, without the sense of popular needs and without the knowledge of the facts (and in Lord Haldane's case, even of the law) governing the situation. Will he have any better success if he gets his way?

What we really want, is a popular, free, generous, elastic, national system of elementary education. When the nation gets this, and not before, it will value education and

demand higher and University instruction for its sons. Give us a foundation first; then the superstructure will easily be built.—Yours, &c.,

J. KING.

House of Commons, April 15th, 1913

[We are obliged to hold over a number of letters on this subject until next week.—ED., NATION.]

WHAT THE GOVERNMENT HAVE TO FACE.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—May I trespass once more on your valuable space to say a few words in reply to Mr. Zangwill? First, let me point out that he has thrown his original arguments overboard. On March 24th he wrote that "he did not say the Liberal Government must go"; now he reproaches me with wishing "to keep the party together." Previously, he argued that "there is nothing in Mr. Asquith's work which Sir Edward Grey and Mr. Lloyd George cannot now bring to completion." I have shown, and Mr. Zangwill does not dispute the fact, that, owing to the existence of those seventy or eighty anti-suffragist Liberal M.P.'s, the Government has no majority in the House of Commons for woman suffrage. And how is the Government to complete its work without a majority?

I cordially endorse his dictum that the view that Liberals are free to vote for or against woman suffrage is a "lax assumption." I thoroughly agree with Mr. Lloyd George that "it could hardly be said that the Members of Parliament pledged to woman suffrage had really consulted their constituents about it" (November 21st, 1907). But perhaps Mr. Zangwill thinks, like Miss Christabel Pankhurst (October, 1911), that the male electorate have not even the right to be asked their opinion on the question.

Moreover, not merely this "intensive minority of women," but, ultimately, all women would be enfranchised. For I should hardly suppose that the householders' wives, whom Mr. Dickinson desires to enfranchise, belong to that category. Besides, while there are only 3,639,190 female workers of fifteen years and upwards, there are 4,625,000 unenfranchised men, the bulk of whom belong, according to Mr. Chiozza Money, to "the working classes, and, in particular, the poorer sections of the working classes." Surely the achieving of the greater good of the greater number is the proper task for Liberalism!

I think that Mr. Zangwill might at least have taken the trouble to read Mr. Asquith's speech. If he will consult the Official Report, Vol. xxxvi, column 653, he will find that the Prime Minister never used the *varium et mutable* argument at all. A little more accuracy is desirable in these matters. One word as to the new point of view women are to bring to bear on political questions. After all, with the one exception of maternity, the male sex has every experience under the sun; whereas the interests and activities of men concerning which women know practically nothing, and which make up the main body of political questions, are many in number.

The Liberal Party is asked to endorse the intrusion of women into the industrial sphere by enfranchising them. Did reformers propose to endorse the employment of children in pre-Factory Act days? "A girl factory hand of to-day," says Mr. Chiozza Money, "is, in a large proportion of cases, largely unfit to fulfil the duties of wife or mother; and to resign to the brutality of competitive industry the greater part of the mothers of the future . . . is to deliver the nation to moral and physical decrepitude." Does Mr. Zangwill suppose that if you enfranchise the factory hand it will be any easier to save her from "the brutality of competitive industry"? As the Declaration of 1789—the starting-point of Liberal theory—declared, equality is limited by the "common utility." Liberals must seek the good of the woman, the mother, not the good of the Girton girl.—Yours, &c.,

ARNOLD ABRAHAM.

26, Ashmount Road, N.
April 13th, 1913.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—I don't know what Mr. Shaen Solly means by saying that I think "Mr. Asquith a party to the Speaker's ruling." If he means that I have accused Mr. Asquith of plotting with the Speaker, that is not so. I quoted Mr.

Lloyd George's assertion that to accuse the Government of drafting the Reform Bill so that it would not be open to amendment was an "imputation of deep dishonor," and that for the Government to do so would be "an outrage on public faith." It is not a matter of opinion but of fact that the Bill was drafted so as to be incapable of amendment in the direction promised, and I purposely went no further than Mr. Lloyd George's own words in describing the situation thus created. Mr. Asquith was compelled by the Speaker's ruling to break the pledges which he had given. But he was not compelled by this ruling to offer no adequate equivalent. It is a sorry sight to see politicians eagerly grasping at the opportunity of getting rid of inconvenient pledges, instead of acknowledging that, however difficult it may be to fulfil them, honor demands their fulfilment.

Mr. A. J. Marriott contends that, as we should not have held Mr. Asquith to blame if death had prevented him from fulfilling his pledges, so we cannot hold him to blame now the Speaker has done so. This is indeed a strange theory of responsibility. It was the Prime Minister's business to know, when he gave his pledges, whether he could fulfil them. He made, it appears, a very grave mistake, and this mistake enabled him to "torpedo" the measure on which suffragists in the House had, with infinite labor, been persuaded to unite, and for which the women had worked so hard and poured out money and effort. I firmly believe that if the follies of the "militants" had not warped men's minds, we should have found them ready to admit that Mr. Asquith was morally bound to make good his mistake. The more reasonable men do admit this; but, unhappily, the miserable practice of reprisals still holds good with many, and just as the shuffling and delay of politicians has led to militancy, so now militancy leads to further shuffling and delay.

Yet, surely among the readers of THE NATION there must be statesmen who can turn their attention from all this futile squabbling, and meet a great human need and aspiration with some greatness of heart and mind.—Yours, &c.,

H. M. SWANWICK.

Kew, April 7th, 1913.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—When Mr. Zangwill advances reasons for giving votes to women, I heartily agree with him. When he adds, "As to the suffragettes . . . their line of action is irrelevant to the issue," I emphatically renew my protest. Irrelevant, indeed! There is nothing which makes it so difficult to pass an Act giving votes to women as the action of the suffragettes. As for their sufferings cancelling their sins and leaving a balance for admiration, I maintain that their action is both wicked and mean—wicked, because no woman has a right to try to put an end to her life in the hope that her death may damage the Government; mean, because any embarrassment arising from the hunger strike is due entirely to man's pity and kindly feeling. It is these virtues which are being unscrupulously exploited. Such a perversion of true ideals is bound to come up for payment in full, and it is the women of England as a whole who will have to pay; all the more so, because the non-militant suffragists have failed to sternly condemn criminal conduct, by which they have a sneaking hope to gain their cause. It is a hope as delusive as that of Mrs. Tulliver in "The Mill on the Floss," when her action produced the exact opposite to what she intended, and George Eliot's scornful words are worth recalling:—

"Imagine a truly respectable and amiable hen, by some portentous anomaly, taking to reflection and inventing combinations by which she might prevail on Hodge not to wring her neck, or send her and her chicks to market: the result could hardly be other than much cackling and fluttering."

Are suffragists really content to imitate that hen?

Mr. Zangwill should have explained what he means by Mr. Asquith accepting a Referendum. He did offer to accept a free, deliberate decision of the House of Commons, and that offer ought to have been received with gratitude as the best practical solution of a very real difficulty. But such a reception of his offer was inconsistent with that for which the suffragettes chiefly care—which is *not* the giving of votes to women on democratic lines.—Yours, &c.,

H. SHAEN SALLY.

Alexandra Road, Parkstone.

April 14th, 1913.

THE FLOGGING OF NATIVES.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—Your issue of February 8th has only just reached me, but I trust that I may be allowed, even at this late hour, to register a protest against the statement contained in an unsigned article upon "The Danger of Horrors," that "few Colonials would miss watching a Kaffir flogged." I was so astounded to read these words in your columns that for some time I could do nothing but repeat them over and over to myself—"Few Colonials would miss watching a Kaffir flogged." By its conjunction with the word Kaffir "Colonials" can mean only South Africans. I do not know if the writer refers to English-speaking or Dutch-speaking South Africans, but with considerable experience of both, I can assure him that the charge he makes is entirely unjustified. There is simply no ground at all, as far as I am aware, upon which it could be substantiated. A considerable amount of flogging under judicial sentence does take place—which at any rate may be defended from the special circumstances of the country—and some surreptitious cases may occur on farms, although in these parts labor is far too scarce, and the Kaffir has much too shrewd an idea of his own value, to make such a thing likely. But that flogging takes place is an entirely different matter from the charge made. One would think the whole village joyfully flocked to the local gaol to see such a sentence carried out, whereas lashes are, of course, inflicted in strict privacy. As a matter of fact, I happen to have known two district surgeons, one of English extraction, the other Dutch, whose duties compel them to be present on such occasions, and both expressed to me their abhorrence of this duty.

As the words must have been bitterly resented by every South African who happened to come across them, I trust that it is not too late for you to offer some sort of an apology or explanation.

When so gratuitous an insult can be casually flung out in the columns of the leading Liberal weekly, it is not hard to understand the unfortunate want of sympathy between the average English Liberal and the Colonials.—Yours, &c.,

T. LE BRETON ROSCOE,
Assistant Magistrate.

Murraysburg, Cape Province.

March 20th, 1913.

[We are sorry that the sentence which Mr. Roscoe quotes should have given him pain. It was no doubt much too sweeping.—ED., NATION.]

EARNINGS OF TEA-SHOP WAITRESSES.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—If Mr. Frank Marshall has knowledge of waitresses who earn as little as he says, I can only express once more my regret that he declined to give evidence to the Women's Industrial Council, except upon terms which the Council was obliged to refuse.

Mr. Marshall says that the report of the Women's Industrial Council makes no mention of his figures. But surely the fault is his! As a matter of fact, no statement has been made as to earnings, except upon the direct evidence of the waitresses themselves. There are too many pitfalls in the intricacies of a waitress's wage.

Not many months ago, two young waitresses were quoted in a certain paper as earning, the one 6s. and the other 7s. a week. I obtained their names and wrote to these girls, who were kind enough to come and give me the facts. No mention before had been made of "commission." One girl was earning a total which averaged 13s. 6d. a week, a deduction being made of 2s. 3d. for meals and washing, and the other girl was earning a total which averaged 14s. 3d. a week, the deduction being the same—wages modest indeed, but high out of all proportion as against the figures quoted.

The lowest earnings given in the report of the Women's Industrial Council are from 11s. to 13s. But no report is exhaustive. Are there other women who earn less? Then the case for a Trade Board is even stronger than I thought. To understand the true inadequacy of a wage of 11s. to 13s., I must refer readers of THE NATION to the Report itself, where they will find full particulars as to cost of living, "dress and what not" deductions, and fares, overlooked by Mr. Marshall. The answer to the question as to how these girls live is that the great majority live at home.

A wage of 17s. a week is the minimum advocated by the Women's Co-operative Guild for every adult working woman. The special claim of the waitress is that her expenses of living are probably higher than those of any other class of working girl. Perhaps the sum may appear to the employer not so unreasonable as to Mr. Marshall. In any case, many girls earn as much, and more. Indeed, more than one employer would be glad to improve the position of the waitress were he able to do so without giving an unfair advantage to a less scrupulous competitor in the trade. An extension of the Trade Boards Act is sometimes as great a boon to the employer as to the employee.

In conclusion, may I be allowed to point out that to represent the wage of the waitress as less than in fact it is, by the false standard which is created, tends to retard rather than to advance her cause? To the public whose sympathies are aroused for a girl with a 6s. wage, the hard case of the girl who earns 12s. will make no appeal, and a minimum of 17s. (14s.—14s. 6d. net, if account is taken of provisions by the firm of the three customary meals) will appear the absurd demand which already it appears to Mr. Marshall! The plea of the waitress is not for an exaggerated view of her ills, but for a truer understanding of her needs.—Yours, &c.,

BARBARA DRAKE (Mrs.).
(Hon. Secretary, Investigation Committee,
Women's Industrial Council.)

13, Kensington Gate, W.
April 15th, 1913.

GIRL-LIFE AND ITS DANGERS.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—While acknowledging the painful truth touched upon by your correspondent "Alice Clark" with regard to the dangers to which young girls are exposed through the depravity of men, I must demur to her conclusion that, in consequence of the care necessary to save girls from ruin, they have to "grow up with their powers of initiative, enterprise, and action undeveloped."

Those who have personal knowledge of the God-fearing poor living in terrible town conditions, will bear me out in saying that out of the very dangers surrounding them, a strengthening rather than a weakening of the character of children may be developed. The "careful mother" of many little ones *must* send the elder girls out. What she does do, is to warn them. I remember asking a poor woman, who was bringing up a large family decently in an evil neighborhood, if she could trust her girl of eleven years old or so out on her errands. "Yes," was her answer, "I can trust Polly, for she's a child as tells her mother everything." And she related how the child had come home one day and told her that she had been followed by a soldier. "So I crossed over the road, but still he followed me, jingling his money. So I got into a 'bus' (mercifully she had a penny in her pocket). Here the father struck in—"Yes; I tells them all *never to take nothing from nobody.*"

A poor little girl so warned, and who can be so trusted, may not only go forth safely on "mother's errands" into the streets—a very lamb among wolves—but most surely learns thereby beautiful lessons of filial duty, of self-respect, and self-denial, of courage and resourcefulness.

Amid the awful darkness of this world, let us thank God for the good He draws out of its worst evils.—Yours, &c.,

L. C. F. C.

April 16th, 1913.

Poetry.

TWO PHILOSOPHIES.

I.—FLOODED FIELDS.

As stilled and shining waters tell the sky,
And seem to bring celestial spaces near,
So may Thy grace upon my spirit lie
To image forth the clear.
Let the floods rest which Thou hast caused to be,
That those who look may there a vision find

Which I perhaps shall never come to see
Upon the troubled surface of the mind.
Deep would I have the heart's poor meadow hid,
Its sterile shame, its wreck of seasons past:
Litter of twigs, that once were living wood,
The mouldering straw of crops that withered fast,
The barren plot where wheat hath never stood,
Mat of dead leaves, where first the wind-flower grew—
By these Thy grateful waters I am rid
Of that unhappy landscape, staring to the blue.

Patient is love, mighty and unafraid,
Steadfast its waters lie upon the land:
Yet not for desolation's sake they made
Man's husbandry as nought. Where the floods stand
Solemn and pale,
There in the darkness pricks the crescent blade.
Yea, when Thou dost depart Thy lustral veil—
Dread sacrament of mercy and new birth—
And the deep-sunken fields pass from their purging night,
Then shall be cry of mirth;
The song of eager life, that leaps to meet the light.

Ah, not in pride they flower before Thy face
That knew the visitations of restless grace.
These shall not ask the dower of standing sheaves,
These may not yield the substance of Thy bread;
But the small turf, inset with daisied leaves,
They give, wherewith life's simplest creatures may be fed.

EVELYN UNDERHILL.

II.—THE CRIPPLE.

GOD sent me to be born on Earth:
I was a cripple from my birth.
He bade me love the Sea and Sun,
Wherein I might not swim nor run.
Things barred by my infirmity
He made importunate to me:
Nor to my anguish did He spare
The abasement of derided Prayer.
All Beauty's forms were as a fire
To sting my heart with swift desire:
But chiefly, as I older grew,
Inexorably my soul there drew
The eyes of maidens and young men,
That passed me by, nor glanced again;
Disdaining wholesomely to see
This mean, misshapen body of me.
These things I set in God's account,
And drew my bill for their amount:
And when the day of reckoning came
From out my books I ruled His name.

I steeled my heart and set my face:
I fought my wits and found my place.

Then Someone came to me: that one
With whom I had not seemed alone.
Life bloomed: I did not ask nor care
What fruit such ill-starved bloom could bear:
I had not dreamed that Life had left
So much whereof to be bereft.
We loved: few words on either side—
But fullest knowledge. Then She died.

It was a blessed thing to know
There was no God—to hurt Her so.

S. O.

The World of Books.

THE "NATION" OFFICE, THURSDAY NIGHT.

THE following is our weekly selection of books which we commend to the notice of our readers:—

"Problems of Power: A Study of International Politics from Sadowa to Kirk-Kiliseé." By W. Moreton Fullerton. (Constable. 7s. 6d. net.)
 "Memoirs of the Prince Imperial." By Augustin Filon. (Heinemann. 15s. net.)
 "Dante and Aquinas." By Philip H. Wicksteed. (Dent. 6s. net.)
 "The Lawyer, Our Old-Man-of-the-Sea." By W. Durran. (Kegan Paul. 7s. 6d. net.)
 "Modern Chile." By W. H. Koebel. (Bell. 10s. 6d. net.)
 "The Icknield Way." By Edward Thomas. (Constable. 7s. 6d. net.)
 "Saint John's Wood: Its History." By A. M. Eyre. (Chapman & Hall. 12s. 6d. net.)
 "The Evolution of the Monastic Ideal." By H. B. Workman. (C. H. Kelly. 5s. net.)
 "The Real Democracy." By J. E. F. Mann, N. J. Sievers, and R. W. T. Cox. (Longmans. 4s. 6d. net.)
 "Confessions of a Tenderfoot." By Ralph Stock. (Richards. 10s. 6d. net.)
 "The Gay Rebellion." By Robert W. Chambers. (Appleton. 6s.)
 "Napoléon et Sa Famille." Tome X. (1814-1815). Par Frédéric Masson. (Paris: Ollendorff. 7fr. 50.)
 "La Justice en France pendant La Révolution (1791-1793)." Par E. Seligman. (Paris: Plon-Nourrit. 8fr.)
 "Etudes d'Histoire." Sixième Série. Par A. Chuquet. (Paris: Fontemoing. 3fr. 50.)
 "La Maison." Roman. Par Henry Bordeaux. (Paris: Plon-Nourrit. 3fr. 50.)

WE understand that Mr. G. M. Trevelyan has just finished correcting the proof-sheets of his biography of John Bright, and that the book will be published early next month by Messrs. Constable.

IT is not often that a man of English birth and upbringing publishes his books in a foreign language and that these are afterwards translated into English. This is the case with Mr. Houston Stewart Chamberlain, whose philosophical and historical studies are issued by German publishers. An English version of Mr. Chamberlain's "Six Great Thinkers" has been prepared by Mr. Rudolf Blind, and will be published in the autumn by Mr. John Lane. The six thinkers who give the volume its title are Plato, Leonardo, Bruno, Descartes, Goethe, and Kant. Mr. Chamberlain's "The Foundations of the Nineteenth Century," which appeared in an English translation a couple of years ago, ran through over eight editions in Germany, and has also had a large sale in this country.

THE "Memoirs" of Lucien Bonaparte—on whose biography Count Serge Fleury is now engaged—have had a curious history and have been only preserved by the lucky blunder of one of the keepers of the French National Archives. They were written for the most part after Lucien had become Prince of Canino, and some instalments, such as "La Vérité sur les Cent-Jours" and the "Révolution de Brumaire," were published during their author's lifetime. But when the Princess of Canino died, her executor, Signor Bataglioni, handed over five bundles of documents, taken from among Lucien Bonaparte's papers, to the French Ambassador at Rome. They were transferred to the Quai d'Orsay and stored among the National Archives, the manuscript of the "Memoirs" being kept in two portfolios labelled "Memoirs of Lucien Bonaparte, already published in 1836."

NAPOLEON III., who was then at the Tuilleries, showed a good deal of curiosity about his uncle's papers, and ordered them to be sent for his inspection. The librarian interpreted the message to mean only unpublished documents, and he sent to the Emperor a collection of 352 letters, most of them written by Lucien Bonaparte and his brothers and sisters, but including several from Murat, Masséna, Talleyrand, Madame Campan, Madame de Staél, and other persons. These were never returned to the Archives, and it is assumed that they were all destroyed by Napoleon III.

BUT twenty-five years later, in 1882, General Jung, whose works on the Revolutionary period are familiar to

students, made a fresh examination of the manuscript of Lucien Bonaparte's "Memoirs," and found that only about a hundred and fifty pages out of a total of over three thousand had previously been published. From this material and from other sources he compiled three bulky volumes entitled "Lucien Bonaparte et ses Mémoires," a work which gives many interesting facts about the Bonaparte family and, in particular, Lucien's relations with Napoleon. It is true that Lucien's "Memoirs" are not always trustworthy, but the documents that have been preserved by so odd a chance will go a long way to lighten Count Fleury's labors.

* * *

ALTHOUGH no one now reads Matthew Gregory Lewis, he played no small part in the romantic movement in English literature, and the biography on which Mr. E. G. Moynihan-Nyam is engaged is sure to be of interest. Scott told Moore that it was Lewis who first set him upon trying his talent at poetry. "The good-natured fopling, the pet and plaything of certain fashionable circles," as Lockhart styles Lewis, invited Scott to contribute to his "Tales of Wonder," laying it down that "a ghost or a witch" must be a *sine qua non* ingredient." A couple of months later Lewis and Scott met at Edinburgh, and the latter told Allan Cunningham that he thought he had never felt such elation as when the "Monk" invited him to dine with him for the first time at his hotel. This mood of hero-worship did not last, and Scott's final verdict on Lewis is nearer the truth. "He was," he says, "a child, and a spoiled child, but a child of high imagination; and so he wasted himself on ghost-stories and German romances. He had the finest ear for rhythm I ever met with—finer than Byron's."

* * *

BYRON, too, liked Lewis, and thought him "a good man, a clever man, but a bore—a damned bore, one may say." Lewis, like Byron, was attacked for the immoral tendency of his writings, and though there was nothing to be said against the character or conduct of the author of "The Monk," the anonymous compiler of "The Life and Letters of M. G. Lewis" (published in two volumes by Colburn in 1839) felt compelled to admit that "there is nothing else in English literature so wild, so extravagant, so utterly at variance with all the ordinary and received rules of art and of criticism (not to mention the recognised codes of morals), as the chief writings of 'Monk' Lewis." It is an odd coincidence that Lewis succeeded Beckford as Member of Parliament for Hindon, in Wiltshire. We cannot remember any other constituency which has been represented by two such literary eccentrics in succession.

* * *

"THE PLAYBOY OF WESTERN PHILOSOPHY" is the title of an appreciation of M. Henri Bergson to be included in a collection of essays by Mr. James Huneker, now in the press. Mr. Huneker calls his volume "The Pathos of Distance," and amongst the other subjects of his studies are Mr. George Moore, Helena von Dönniges, the modern Celtic revival, and Nietzsche.

* * *

AN examination of the rise, progress, and economic basis of German sea-power has been written by Mr. Archibald Hurd in collaboration with Mr. Henry Castle, and will be published shortly by Mr. Murray. The view taken is that Germany's naval development is the outcome of her spontaneous maritime instincts, and has its roots in her past history. The authors hold that while German expenditure on armaments in recent years has been in excess of her financial strength, it has not retarded her economic growth. The book ends with a discussion of the present state of political parties in Germany.

* * *

YET another cheap series of new books is to make its appearance next month. The publisher is Mr. Batsford, who has hitherto given most of his attention to works on architecture and science, and the volumes are intended to be contributions towards "the expression of the human ideal and artistic faith of our day." Amongst those arranged for are "Poetry" by Sir Arthur Quiller-Couch, "The Joy of the Theatre" by Mr. Gilbert Cannan, "Romance" by Mr. Ernest Rhys, "The Country" by Mr. Edward Thomas, and "Childhood" by Mrs. Meynell.

Reviews.

ROMANTIC HISTORY.

"The History of English Patriotism." By ESMÉ WINGFIELD-STRATFORD, Fellow of King's College, Cambridge. (Lane. 2 Vols. 26s. net.)

It is difficult to believe that the distinguished writers and historians mentioned in the preface read this book without giving the author one very obvious piece of advice, and telling him to delete the introduction; for Mr. Wingfield-Stratford does his book a great injury by serving it up with an essay which can only be described as childish. The subject of patriotism raises many difficult and delicate and interesting questions, and a writer of Mr. Wingfield-Stratford's learning and cultivation might have been expected to say something worth reading about it. How, for example, is your allegiance to your country to be reconciled, in certain difficult cases, with your allegiance to humanity, or it may be to religion? What of the position of a Frenchman, in 1808, who thought Napoleon the scourge of Europe, or of an Englishman who thought him the redeemer of Europe? How far has a sense for country stimulated bad passions, and how far has it ennobled them? Mr. Wingfield-Stratford faces no difficulty. He simply pours out rhapsodies or platitudes that merely astonish and fatigue the reader who had supposed he had a serious book in his hands. Take this, for example: "There can be no conflict of God and Motherland, for love is an inexhaustible fountain that only gushes forth more freely the deeper we drink of it." Could anything be more naive or fatuous? Mr. Wingfield-Stratford has no sympathy with cosmopolitans; but surely the same dictum can be invoked on their behalf? Of course, if a man understands the interests of God and the interests of his country, he may know that there is no ultimate or fundamental antagonism; but it is obvious that, as the world has been, and as the world is, men have been placed in situations in which their duty to their religion, as they understand it, pointed in one direction, and their duty to their country, as they understand it, pointed in another. The problem is at least as old as the *Antigone*. With the introduction of Christianity, a universal confession, transcending all relationships and attachments, such dilemmas were inevitable. Take the case of the early Christians. With the break-up of Europe into two systems another complication arose. What is the Motherland of the Pope? What about the Jacobites, or the Catholic League, or the partisans of the Temporal Power in 1849, or the "To Hell with the Pope" Ulstermen of this day? Or take the position of Pitt at the beginning of the nineteenth century. His religion taught him to abolish the slave trade; his patriotism made him refuse to take a step which he thought might damage England in her struggle with Napoleon. A writer who studies patriotism in twelve hundred pages disappoints his readers when all the illumination he can provide for such cases as these is to tell them that love is an inexhaustible fountain.

This unsubstantial rhetoric is really unjust to the book which it ushers in, for Mr. Wingfield-Stratford's two volumes contain a great deal of sharp and lively and interesting criticism. He has a good deal to say on most subjects, and he says it in a style which, though it will irritate most readers from time to time, is certainly animated and dashing, and is often picturesque. He discusses art, manners, religion, literature, politics, and war, and roams at large with a lance in his hand over English history. He discusses men, periods, and movements from the point of view of a student who loves "the poetic and heroic view" of statesmanship, and hates what he calls sometimes "cold reason" and sometimes the "material principle."

To call his book the History of English Patriotism seems to us quite inappropriate. It is not a history of the various forms or associations which patriotism has assumed; or, again, a history of the sacrifices that men and women have made for England. If the reader tries to work out a coherent theory of patriotism from the book, he will find himself in difficulties. It is a survey of English history and English ideas, written from a very definite point of view, and possesses the interest and charm of history written in that way. It is full of color, sympathy, and life, and though he lets himself go

with a ferocious energy at all the men and creeds he dislikes, Mr. Wingfield-Stratford leaves us with a pleasant feeling that nobody is very much the worse for it at the end. It is violent, but rather the jolly violence of the schoolboy, tremendous in expression, but not very wounding or biting in its effects. We have taken the trouble to collect some of his phrases about Bentham: "Cold and shallow reasoner"; "an age that babbles evolution and holds Bentham and James Mill to be serious thinkers"; "such second-rate work as that of Locke and Bentham"; "the naked absurdity of Bentham's scheme"; "the grosser absurdities of Bentham." Perhaps best of all, "the name of Darwin was made the excuse for an intellectual chaos beside which even Godwin appears sane and Bentham clear headed." His invective is of the kind that everybody can enjoy. Here, for example, is a delightful sentence about the Moral and Political Philosophy of the unhappy Paley, which Lecky described in a rather wild eulogy as "one of the masterpieces of the eighteenth century":—

"Hardly in the whole book shall we discover a single sentiment worthy either of an Englishman or a Christian; all is false and hollow, though Paley's tongue does not drop manna. Traitor to his profession, and not even frank in his own materialism, we leave him to the homage of dons and the bewilderment of freshmen at his own university."

Mr. Wingfield-Stratford's own university comes in for another rap in connection with Paley's "Evidences." "It is significant that the book which has been imposed upon generations of undergraduates as a masterpiece of reasoning, and the buttress of faith, is no less than Paley's 'Evidences,' which is as insulting to God as it is tedious to man." All this is the lively kind of abuse that nobody minds; there is nothing ill-conditioned or malicious in it.

Mr. Wingfield-Stratford's chief hero is Disraeli, who is the subject of a brilliant chapter.

"The history of the Tories in the Queen's reign is the history of one man. Such names as Derby, Bentinck, Northcote, Smith, Salisbury, only serve, by their comparative insignificance, to add a brighter lustre to the genius of Beaconsfield; and as for Peel, he will go down to history as the man who wrecked the party which Beaconsfield reconstructed and led to victory. But the savior of his party was no mere party man. In the roll of philosophic statesmen which includes such names as Pericles and Marcus Aurelius, Burke and Frederick, he will assuredly occupy no mean place."

It is natural that a disciple of Disraeli should dislike the close class atmosphere that hung about a certain kind of Tory. Mr. Wingfield-Stratford has as little patience with the Tory tradition of Eldon as he has with Bentham himself. Not that this freedom from class prejudice carries him very far. Like Disraeli, he denounces the selfishness of the landed and capitalist classes, but like Disraeli, he is not very fertile in suggestions for protecting society from them. His ideal in politics is a sense of England as a personality, and he is in the main consistent in seeing that if this is patriotism it may lead men to very opposite conclusions. If a man who has this sense thinks his country is doing wrong, he will naturally be far more indignant than the man who lacks it. In the South African war, for example, some people, with a sense of England as a personality, thought the war was just and glorious: others, also endowed with that sense, thought it unjust and shameful. Both parties were not only capable of anger and enthusiasm, but incapable of anything else. The only people who could regard it in a cold, detached spirit, were those philosophers who thought it was all a question of the relative efficiency of the big and the small machine. Mr. Wingfield-Stratford grasps this truth so far as to include Fox and Chatham in his list of patriots, but he slips into the error of a cruder conception in one passage, where he seems to suggest that to call the South African War a crime is a sure way to be unpatriotic. Obviously, it was the only word in which a patriot who thought it wrong could speak of it. The more vivid and real his feeling for his country, the greater his indignation at seeing his country associated with conduct that he thought infamous.

Mr. Wingfield-Stratford's last chapters are a review of the present condition of England in a spirit not altogether unhopeful, but still sorrowful and uneasy. His difficulty perhaps is this. There are occasions when the appeal to patriotism is simple, direct, and dramatic. When Napoleon had trampled on Germany, when Garibaldi was striving to free and to regenerate Italy, the

task of the patriot was clear and definite. Mr. Wingfield-Stratford would like to live always in this atmosphere. Unfortunately, other situations develop, in which the need for patriotism is just as great, but the circumstances demand sacrifices of other kinds, and, to use the language proper to Garibaldi pointing to an external enemy, when the problem is only metaphorically a battle, the use of such language is to make mischief and confusion. Everybody outside Italy can see that the Italian patriot ought to be reconstructing the social life of the South, and that the grand language about his mission in Tripoli and restoring his past glories was all false and fatal rhetoric. It would be unfair to Mr. Wingfield-Stratford's book to suggest that he is himself in this condition of cloud and confusion, but he is too apt to think that a society, for example, in which there is not universal military service is necessarily wanting in patriotism and heroic duties, and to overlook the thousand-and-one ways in which men have to help and serve their country. It is everything that men and women should have a fine and ennobling sense for country, but Mr. Wingfield-Stratford, in asking this of his countrymen, seems to ask that that sense should also make them share all his own likes and dislikes. The "Land Song," which he quotes as a mark of the degeneracy of politics, may be to many a splendid and romantic invocation summarising a noble vision of an England such as Shelley saw, in which no Englishman would be less than a free man and no Englishwoman less than a free woman. Mr. Wingfield-Stratford's sense of England as a personality is indeed rather an arbitrary conception. He condemns, as most people have come to condemn, the crude simplicity of the Economists, and the ravages which their theories make on human life. But what did his heroes, Burke and Castlereagh, do for the poor? Their sense of England as a personality brought them to precisely the same paralysing economic conclusions about industrial life, and nobody has laid down in more uncompromising and confident language than Burke the doctrine that the employer is the best guardian of the interests of the employed, and must be left to deal with them as he pleases. The difference between the men Mr. Wingfield-Stratford likes and those he dislikes is not that one set had a profounder social consciousness than the other. It is in the main that the men he dislikes did at least desire to give the poor such power of self-defence as the franchise has been, whereas the others, with their finer imaginations, thought that England's picturesque personality would be damaged if the political monopoly of the rich was disturbed.

THE CHRISTIANITY OF CARDINAL NEWMAN.
"Sermon Notes of John Henry, Cardinal Newman, 1849-1875." (Longmans. 5s. net.)

WHAT strikes one in reading the New Testament, if one may venture to speak so, in its Central Figure, is the marvellous union of the genial and the austere. This seems something altogether unique—the high, broad brow of the Christ amid the high, narrow heads of Saints and the low, broad foreheads of the sinners of this world. He touches them both; there is the perfect union of the venerable and awful with the kindly, the accessible, and the familiar. He comes eating and drinking; He is called a gluttonous man and a wine-bibber—it is comfortable to human frailty, by the way, to reflect that we are accused of faults that, at any rate, are congruous to something in us, the prodigal spendthrift, for instance, seldom being charged with avarice; He provides wine for the wedding-feast in royal abundance; He refuses to send the multitude fasting away; He commands that something should be given the damsel to eat; He is at home with men on this human level; He attracts simple, natural, disreputable people, without pretensions or self-conscious aspiration or virtue—thieves, publicans, Magdalens, children. Yet this aspect, so much dwelt on in an age of humanism like our own, is, after all, only a very one-sided portrait. The attraction is felt, not only by kindly, normal sinners, but by people like St. Paul, whose only fault has been the zealous if mistaken pursuit of the orthodox professional goodness. He is in touch with hermits and ascetics. There are the nights spent in prayer, the days in the wilderness. There are the awful warnings and inquiries, "What shall it profit a man?" "It were better that a millstone were hanged about his neck," "It were better for thee to enter

into life." It has been most truly said that the New Testament is a very severe book.

It goes without saying, of course, that a mere easy-going good-nature cannot be the characteristic quality of the teaching of any great and really typical Christian saint or Doctor of the Church. The "Fons pictatis" is the "Rex Tremendae Majestatis" too. But, at the same time, there can be no really typical Christian saint or doctor whose writings do not reflect the reconciliation, the serenity and harmony of the New Testament. Early Christianity, however severe and awful it may have been, was, above all, a liberation, an uplifting, a *Sursum Corda*. It was a cry of joy. Songs made in the Catacombs have their true home amid soaring arches. Think, later on, of the "Te Deum," which one likes to think sprang out of the great, serene, illuminated mind of St. Ambrose. How extraordinarily touching, by the way, is that most dear and venerable little church—the church of churches—Sant Ambrogio, at Milan! It breathes the very fragrance of the earliest Church. It is so august and ancient, and yet so homely and so in touch with the life about it, it seems, old and holy as it is, a fitting shrine for a humanised, paganised, light-hearted, confident, gossiping, popular Catholicism. It has an atmosphere in which one feels in touch with One who loved to talk of fields and vineyards, who watched the children playing in the market-place, and told the Eternal Secret by the well.

Dr. Newman is so often spoken of as a great Christian teacher of the first magnitude—as, in fact, a Doctor of the Church—that one hesitates to confess—for my own poor part, I do it with great diffidence—that one does not find in his works the essential and characteristic Christian feeling and quality at all. They do not appear to me to reflect the reconciliation, the mingled austerity and geniality, the "sorrow turned into joy" of the Gospel. There is nothing serene, nothing buoyant, nothing confident. It is not a matter of doctrines, but of spirit and atmosphere. Manning, for instance, was far more Ultramontane in doctrine than Newman; but I can imagine any fervent Salvationist reading, say, his little book "On Confidence in God" with great edification. There is nothing of this in Newman. He is dark, troubled, anxious. His predominant feeling is always that of the mystery of the world, thought of as a suffering and estranged creation. He stands apart, and watches it, with an eager, fascinated interest and curiosity indeed, but, so it seems to me, without kindness. It is a sight to dizzy and appal. The whole world lieth in wickedness, and he gives little hint of a secret leaven working everywhere. It has always seemed to me that he is Jansenist or Calvinist in feeling rather than Catholic. What is missing is perhaps a sense of the immanence of God in the world. The God of Newman, as of Calvin, is a transcendent God, remote and apart, dwelling in darkness, awfully alone, with a fearful and tremendous claim on everyone of us. The Incarnation is hardly thought of as a *revelation* of God; it is not so much the key to all problems as a new mystery demanding the abasement and submission of man's reason and his will. Jesus appears in the world mainly to suffer; this also is the Calvinist view. The Cross is rather a great Tragedy, the most terrible and poignant of all, than the reconciliation of all tragedies. For my own part, I do not find realistic representations or the fervent language of devotional writers painful; but I find Newman's language about it often painful. He is "tortured"; He is "fixed up like some noxious bird." All this is very strongly marked in the new volume of "Notes of Sermons preached in the Birmingham Oratory." For instance:—

"Consider the cumulus of sin,—all the sins of every individual through centuries and to the end of the world. The offence to God, how great!—infinite, though the malice finite. God might have condemned all men . . . but he determined to take a punishment equal to what their sins deserved. Now man could not pay this, so Christ came, Who was God."

I am not saying that this is not the strict doctrine of the Church; but I say that he feels it, and makes the reader feel it, as an oppression, a burden, and, in a dark and troubled sense, a mystery. One might multiply quotations, but there is no need. The burden of these sermon notes is "the whole creation marred"—man's littleness, weakness, helplessness, disease, ignorance, inability by himself of meriting. The note of the book is awfulness, nay, gloom. I have called it Calvinist or Jansenist, but one can imagine a

Dominican Lady Abbess, reading it aloud to her nuns, as they sat stitching the black hoods of Inquisitors in a convent of sixteenth-century Spain. Some listeners to these sermons must have thought half-regretfully of the old reposeful pomp and convention of Pre-Tractarian Sundays, of the Rector of St. John's meeting the Rector of St. Giles's on their way to their respective churches, and asking blandly, "Balaam, this morning?"

I do not deny, I again say, that Newman's is the Christian doctrine; but, surely, at any rate, it is only one side of it! I confess that I cannot look upon Dr. Newman as a great teacher of the Incarnation. The new grasp of this was the distinction of the Oxford movement, as it is the abiding secret of the attraction of Catholicism. One feels very little of it in Newman—at least, it is not an all-pervading, all-enwrapping atmosphere. There is the darkness and the mystery all round the little life of man, and then there is a system before which he bows his head. The Easter sermons even have little joy in them—no hint of the "Paschales Ritus" of the open-air sermons of robustious, medieval friars. Moreover, he seldom rises into an atmosphere which soars altogether above controversy. The leaders of the Oxford movement were, for the most part, great Doctors of the Incarnation. In this lay the vitality of the movement, its superb superiority to all the slings and arrows by which it was assailed, the scoffs and sneers of Rationalism. "Show us the Father," says the hungering world, "and it is enough." There is a mingled awe and tenderness which is at last pure joy in Neale, in Pusey, in Keble, even in Liddon. There are no more magnificent sermons in English than the two by Dean Church on "The Kingdom of God," and "The Incarnation of God." He speaks of "the amazing and transporting mystery of the Eternal Son, born man, indeed, to live and die." "God has been with us, whom the heaven and the heaven of heavens cannot contain . . . here in certain of the years of time, on the hills of Galilee, in the streets of Jerusalem." Account for it as one may, this note, as a matter of fact, is only found in connection with the Sacramental doctrine. It is, however, by no means confined to one communion. It is found in the Lutheran Dr. Martensen, and the Presbyterian Dr. Milligan, of Aberdeen. It is found in Faber and, to some extent, in Manning, and again in Challoner and the old English Catholic writers. But in Newman I see very little of it. The most Christian preacher I ever remember to have heard is Mr. Coles, of the Pusey House at Oxford. I confess I listen to most preachers with extreme weariness. Since Dr. Newman's day, the Oxford movement, so academic in origin, has come out into the streets. One could not but be reminded of this the other day as one watched the crowd at the funeral of Father Stanton of St. Alban's, Holborn. "Memoration Card and 'Ankerchief,'" insistently shouted the hawkers. "In Loving Memory," "Father Stanton, the Poor Man's Friend," "Gawd's Will be Done," "Memoration Card and 'Ankerchief.'" Here was Christianity in touch with life, one felt, mixing with the crowd. One thought of all crowds, then of some one particular crowd or assemblage of the past. There was the old wonder that it was Then and not Now, that Now will be as Then, that all those voices died upon the air. And again one thought of a Presence in the crowd, infinitely above it, and yet belonging to it.

CURÉ DE CAMPAGNE.

MR. WATSON IN EXILE.

"The Muse in Exile." By WILLIAM WATSON. (Jenkins. 3s. 6d. net.)

"For in Life's midmost chamber there still burns
Upon the ancient hearth the ancient fire,
Whence are all flamelike things, the unquenchable Muse
Among them . . ."

We feel tempted to say that any reader who, on first opening Mr. Watson's new volume of poems, happened to light on these fine lines, would be fortunate if some interruption caused him to put the book down again; he would be fortunate, that is, until, or unless, he resumed his reading. For certainly he would expect, from this short passage, to enjoy at greater length that dignified and lucid utterance for which this poet has, in these energetic times, often made us grateful; an utterance which has recalled something of

Wordsworth and something of Simonides. But Mr. Watson is not a poet to be read fitfully or by snatches; and, unhappily, there is not much else in "The Muse in Exile" which will bear out the expectation those few lines might start. They occur quite close to the beginning of the book; but, even so, the reader will inevitably greet them as a sudden and all too short relief from unexciting verse. On the whole, it must be confessed that this volume contains very little of that scrupulous and high-minded art which we associate with Mr. Watson's name.

The mood in which most of the book is written probably has something to do with it. The title prepares us for some complaint. But the contents give us not so much complaint as querulousness; and that, it seems, is not a good impulse for poetry. By an adamantine law, which both critics and poets are inclined to forget nowadays, good workmanship and worthy inspiration are inevitably related; though that does not necessarily mean that the relationship is one of simple cause and effect. The complaints which Mr. Watson here elaborates are not very stirring, chiefly because they are not very novel. In the preface, he complains that poetry does not get properly criticised to-day. We are not quite sure what Mr. Watson would have; but, if we understand him, he supports this complaint by alleging failure on the part of the reviewers to detect the inclusion in his "King Alfred" of many phrases drawn direct from the Saxon chronicle, from William of Malmesbury, Henry of Huntingdon, Geoffrey of Monmouth, and "kindred sources." These are famous writers; at any rate, they are famous names. But they scarcely belong to the stock of literature which everyone ought to know; and failure to recognise scattered phrases translated from their enormous works says nothing against culture or critical competence. Moreover, it is perhaps the least important of all the functions of criticism to trace a phrase to its source. The preface contains, besides, several severe but vague statements, for which there does not seem to be adequate evidence; and at the end of it all we find ourselves uncertain what Mr. Watson really complains of. This is a pity; for a serious and general accusation brought forward by a writer of his eminence ought, if possible, to be examined. The preface is followed by the text of an address, delivered in America, on "The poet's place in the scheme of life," which is in effect a long complaint that the poet has practically no place at all in the scheme of life nowadays. Mr. Watson also complains that the work of certain contemporary poets has been praised, although he himself does not like their work. The address is not a noticeably inspiring affair. Mr. Watson does not seem to have considered very deeply what it is that poetry does for life, or how a poet and his age are related, or why the present age dislikes poets. It is, in fact, like the preface, unsubstantiated complaint; and that is querulousness. The poems themselves, for the most part, carry this mood forward. The first piece versifies the chief complaint of the address to no great artistic effect, except for the short moment of admirable poetry already quoted. And in what follows we find complaints about the Liberal Party, about Home Rule, about criticism again, and the neglect of poetry again, about the greatness of Browning's reputation, about the arrogance of science, and so on. Indignation has often enough prompted noble song, but there is nothing like indignation here; merely dissatisfaction and annoyance. It is much to be hoped that this book has cleansed Mr. Watson's bosom of this perilous stuff; for it forms what we may call an entirely negative inspiration, in the result decidedly uncomfortable to the reader and, we submit, disastrous to Mr. Watson's art.

It might be thought that Mr. Watson's long and successful devotion to the achievement of high technical excellence would save him from uninteresting work. But there is a danger here, which this volume too plainly exemplifies; the danger that skilled dexterity may turn to facility. A poet in the prime of his powers is tempted, unless he keep meticulous watch on himself, to mistake mere ease of writing for assured command over his art. Here, for instance, is a poem from "The Muse in Exile" called

LIBERALISM.

"To Liberalism I owe, and pay,
Allegiance whole and hearty—
The Liberalism which has to-day,
No foe like the Liberal Party."

It did not take Mr. Watson long, we imagine, to polish that penetrating epigram. And the other political verses in the book, such as the poem on "great-hearted Ulster" (rhymed—how else?—with "repulsed her"), show similar facility joined with similar lack of intellectual point. But when ease of writing is mistaken for command, and the skill is not completely managed by a strong originating impulse, Mr. Watson's peculiar style is one that is specially liable to failure. It is a style in which two conflicting elements are noticeable; and it is perhaps because of that conflict that the style, when it is successful, is so pleasantly memorable—so unhappily memorable when it is unsuccessful. There is, first, the severe use of simple words in the simplest order—almost the thought and almost the expression of prose or plain speech, yet turned into poetry by the weight of feeling and the clear gnomic concision, helped by the metre; such lines as—

" Honor the happy dead with sober praise";

Or—

" Pretended not to greatness, yet was great."

Alongside of this lucid severity goes a delight in polysyllables, and especially Latinisms, for the sheer value of the rolling sound of them; thought as much expanded and dilated as the other was compressed; thought not clear-cut and direct, but large and suggestive; like that vision of England—

" Of high and singular election, set
Benignant on the mitigated sea."

But precisely the same mingled style, working under less fortunate conditions, now gives us such bathos as these opening lines of a poem called "The Centenary of Dickens"; lines where attempted largeness becomes vagueness without much meaning, and attempted simplicity becomes commonplace:—

" When Nature first designed,
In her all-procreant mind,
The man whom here to-night we are met to honor—
When first the idea of Dickens flashed upon her—."

It is mere oratory versified in an habitual manner. The same habit led Mr. Watson to speak seriously in poetry of

" America, the Supreme Misunderstood;"
and to address Mr. Roosevelt as

" Thou of the shaggy and the craggy brow."

Less conspicuous, but scarcely less unhappy, is the stanza which "moralizes" a pretty description of a thievish blackbird—

" But ah, thou dost for thine exemplar take
The loveless rake,
The shallow libertine,
Who wanders among maidens, leaving each
Like a peck'd apple or a bitten peach."

How unfortunate, that comparison of a deserted girl with "a bitten peach"! But the easy artifice which makes the blackbird take "the shallow libertine" as his "exemplar" is something almost as bad.

These are but specimens taken from the serious poems; it is best to ignore the few attempts at light verse which the book contains. But in the interests of poetry itself, when a writer who, like Mr. Watson, deserves to be judged by the highest standards, gives us inferior work, it seems desirable to say so plainly, and also to look for some probable causes of this. Mr. Watson is a poet whom it is worth while to understand thoroughly—his failure as well as his success. If we are right, the fact that this volume as a whole falls markedly below the general level of Mr. Watson's other work is to be explained primarily by its prevailing mood; and we say this not in the least because the mood is itself distasteful to us, but simply because it is decidedly unfavorable to dignity of workmanship. And a secondary explanation may be found in the peculiarities of Mr. Watson's style; it is one that is singularly capable of achieving noble result, but also, if not strongly or worthily inspired, singularly liable to failure. But if there is much in "The Muse in Exile" which honest criticism must deplore, there is also something in it which may easily be approved. There is, for instance, the poem called "Ireland's Eye," which is, in substance, a play on the name of that bare, small island, ingeniously giving to it a high significance, and which contains at least one line, in the last stanza, in Mr. Watson's most admirable manner:—

" The tide ebbs fast; the wind droops low to-day,
Feeble as dying hate that hates to die.
Blow, living airs, and blow the mists away
From Ireland's Eye."

Complaint, too, has something of the energy of indignation in the poem which ends in these two lines:—

" When all things else have perished, Stupidity shall remain,
And sit secure on the ruins of every star of the sky."

After reading that, stupidity means more to us than it did before; it has acquired a position as a cosmic power even beyond what Schiller's famous line gave to it. Then there is the brief poem in which Summer, "fallen and conquered," "broken with tempest," flees before "the yelling pack of the storm" "like the wraith of a monstrous rose"; but for one defiant moment turns and holds them at bay:—

" In superb despair she faced them, she towered like June once more,
Then, sinking, shook on the world her golden ruins, and died."

The curious effectiveness of this poem, which at first seems sheer fantasy, but is really actuality in the crucibles of imagination; its mixture of swift vividness and confused suggestiveness, due to the double and simultaneous imaging of summer, covertly as a hunted queen and overtly as "the wraith of a rose" (a golden wraith which has to die again)—this kind of poetry, held together by the fine control of art, will be familiar, and for its familiarity will be welcomed, by those who know Mr. Watson at his best. Familiar, too, is the irony in the poem called "Peace," not very distinguished except for its irony; and the corresponding temper in "The Sappers and Miners," which, at any rate, does not enervate, though it does not much enliven, a splendid legend. The "Hymn for a Progressive People" has a certain solemnity; and in "Moonset and Sunrise," Mr. Watson recovers something, but not all, of his old ardor for Europe against the Turk; though his triumph over barbarism's fall is somehow less inspiring than his denunciation of its power. All these poems—for the most part, they are quite short poems—are to the good; and they all, with a possible exception, stand outside the prevailing mood of the book. But even if it had not possessed this saving remnant, we should still, remembering several noble and sustained passages from poems as recent as "King Alfred" (wherever its phraseology may be derived from) and "In the Midst of the Seas," firmly believe that "The Muse in Exile" is but a temporary relaxation of Mr. Watson's poetic standards.

THE NEW RUSSIAN.

"*Changing Russia.*" By STEPHEN GRAHAM. (Lane.
7s. 6d. net.)

In "The Tryst," one of the most exquisite sketches in "The Annals of a Sportsman," Turgenev has portrayed a valet of the New Russia in the act of forsaking a serf girl of the Old. "The Annals of a Sportsman" appeared in 1852, and now, more than half a century later, an Englishman, who has wandered on foot from Rostof-on-the-Don to Batum, gives us a series of impressions of the new type of Russian peasant, which is being evolved before the old has passed away. Like Dostoevsky, Mr. Graham believes that Russia's strength is inseparable from the great mass of her people. It was Dostoevsky's belief that the intellectuals of his day were in danger of losing touch with the traditional national life. "We have said," he used to insist, "and we repeat it, that, morally, it is necessary to unite completely with the people as narrowly as possible." Mr. Graham's point of view is precisely similar, and to a Russian ex-priest he expressed it, as Dostoevsky himself might have expressed it: "The religion of the peasant lies in us all, and it wishes to grow up out of the depths and blossom through our minds. We are the many-colored glorious blossoms; the peasants are the dark roots. Each is good in its place; but stalks and leaves are not roots, and roots are not blossoms."

But the industrial leap seems to be as inevitable for Russia as for every other European country. Just as in France at the time of the Revolution, so now in Russia a new set of masters covets the work of the peasant. The factory owners wish to become masters of the moujik, even before his emancipation from the old land-owners is wholly complete. And with the new kind of work there has arisen

already a new type of worker. In him Mr. Graham detects a spoilt product, and one inimical to that half-medieval national life that has held for centuries the spiritual power of Russia. Certainly, this transplanted peasant is only too likely to become severed from the old customs of the village and from the old paternal rule of the village pope. But he still remains a Russian, and one shrinks from regarding him as a blot among peasants in the same sense that a factory may be regarded as a blot among the Steppes.

But the factory, foreign and unnatural as it is, has come to stay in Russia. There is no going back now. How can Russia go forward, even through the grey stage of industrialism, without losing her national soul? Is the moujik to be the slave or the heir of the new wealth? Is he, who has had so miserable a meed of the corn and wine of the Old Russia, to be denied any share at all in the gold and machinery of the New? Is he, himself, to become part of the machinery? Or is there a solidarity of peasant life strong enough to bridge over the gulf between work in the Russian Steppes and work in the foreign factory? All these questions occur to one in reading "Changing Russia" just as they occur to one in reading Maxim Gorki's "La Mère."

In that powerful study, the simple ignorant peasant woman, who belongs to the older generation, gradually absorbs all the aspirations and immense hopes of the younger. She, who had dreaded the plots for liberty, learns to mother the plotters. She disseminates what seems to her to be the printed literature of freedom, but from her whole personality she disseminates something infinitely more vital than any smuggled leaflet. She pities, she heals, she consoles, and, above all, she is the veritable connecting link between the New Russian of the factory and the Old Russian of the Steppes. All alike become her children, warmed by her deep inarticulate sympathy—that sympathy which is the very life-force of the Russian people. And she, the mother, unromantic, unemotional on the surface, is the symbol of that new Russian democracy which means to claim its share of Russia for the Russians. But though the mother would have answered hopefully all those questions, Mr. Graham sees in the new peasant an uprooted being who will become an easy prey to the inflated self-indulgence of the lower middle classes, that Russian bourgeoisie, which he seems to detest as heartily as Dostoevsky detested its French equivalent. It is the bourgeoisie of the cinema and the gramophone from which Mr. Graham would deliver the transplanted peasant, for he believes that, in his turn, the moujik might absorb the distorted theory that "all is permitted" which belongs so much less to Nietzsche than to Ivan Karamazov. Already Russian townsmen are affected by the foreign innovations of prosperity:—

"The electric theatres do a most extraordinary business, and the people of Rostof take more interest in the programmes than any one dreams of in England. The items at these shows are bloodthirsty, gruesome murder stories, stories of crime, of unfaithful husbands and wives, and, of course, the usual insane harlequinades. The young men and women discuss these imported horrors—they are nearly all of French origin—as if they represented real life, and are much more interested in 'The Horrors of Life' and 'The Husband's Revenge' than in the works of Tolstoy, Dostoevsky, and Chekhov by which Russia is famous."

Now, what is more or less innocuous vulgarity among such semi-civilised people, might become something very much more dangerous among millions of peasants, who, freed from the constraint of centuries, are tasting "life" for the first time.

But surely, as Dostoevsky has pointed out, among Russians at least, the happiness of culture has never been theoretically denied to the great mass of mankind. The poor imitation of such happiness is a stage through which it is perhaps a pity to drag the unspoiled moujik of the Steppes; but it will pass, and one may still hope for the New Russia of "La Mère" without for a moment abandoning our faith in that Old Russia, whose charm has been inimitably retained in Mr. Graham's truly beautiful book.

JACOBEAN LONDON.

"On and Along the Thames." By W. CULLING GAZE. (Jarrold & Sons. 10s. 6d. net.)

In the preface to that humorist's treasure-house, the "Anatomy of Melancholy," is a paragraph which by the

power of its quaint and stately prolixity raises a vulgar daily experience to an altitude of cosmic grandeur. "I hear news every day," it opens, "and those ordinary rumors of wars, plagues, fires, inundations, thefts, murders, massacres, meteors, comets, spectrums, apparitions, prodigies, of towns taken, cities besieged, in France, Germany, Turkey, Poland, &c.; now come tidings of weddings, maskings, mummeries, entertainments, jubilees, tilts, and tournaments, trophies, triumphs, revels, sports and playes: then again, as in a new, shifted scene, treasons, cheating tricks, robberies, enormous villainies of all kinds . . . now comicall, then tragical matters." Even so may the twentieth-century reader of the newspaper derive from its bald chronicle of "all the gallantry and misery of the world" some savor of that "mixt passion" which served the Jacobean anatomist as an antidote to the vapors. There may be something in the incoherent concourse of circumstances to stir the speculations of the philosopher; and it is doubtless the absence of all literary quality which gives the newspaper its crude enchantment for the million: but when we open a book it is with the hope of more distinctive emotions. We shut out the noise and dust of the street for the ordered harmony of a chamber, and listen, not to the indistinguishable clamor of the multitude, but the clear accents of a friend. It is, however, with a passion passably mixed that we lay aside the volume of Mr. Culling Gaze. The reviewer is uncertain whether it should be described as history or topography, or whether it should, strictly speaking, be described as a book at all. For a book, like tragedy, should have a beginning, middle, and end, and its intention should be comprehensible in a single review. "On and Along the Thames" is divided into twelve sections, none of which has any inherent connection with any other; whilst such unity as the book possesses is both abstract and arbitrary. A particular epoch has been selected, 1603-1625, and the geographical area is confined to the banks of the Thames. Without some limitation of time and space the cabined spirit of man cannot indeed labor fruitfully; but something further is needed for the creation of literature than a fortuitous metaphysical concurrence. The result is a collection of historical fact and anecdote, garnished with gleanings from Baedeker, of which some is curious and interesting, but not a little trifling and dull.

The Jacobean era is at this moment enjoying a modified revival. To the cultured it represents the period of the perfect four-poster and the poetry of John Donne. The sportsman may also be grateful to it for the importation of the pheasant, and the wit for the popularisation of the pun. Those who would push their investigations of the epoch a degree further may profitably turn a leaf or two of Mr. Culling Gaze's book.

The most readable parts of "On and Along the Thames" are the numerous quotations from contemporary chronicles. Whilst the author contents himself with recording the social round of the Royal Family—the bear pit, the stag hunt, the masque by Ben Jonson, and the sermon by Andrewes or Donne—with the curt decorum of the "Court Journal," the sketches of contemporary pens flash the past back to us with the full radiance of the living moment. We read John Taylor's lively account of the wedding ceremonies of the Princess Elizabeth; Sir John Harrington's picture of the fête in honor of the King of Denmark, where the ladies of the Jacobean smart set are seen "rowling about in a state of intoxication"; and Sir Anthony Welldon's famous description of King James:

"He was of a middle stature, more corpulent through his clothes than in his body, yet fat enough, his clothes being made large and easy, the doublets quilted for stiletto proof, his breeches in great pleats and full stuffed. He was naturally of a timorous disposition, which was the reason of his quilted doublets; his eyes large, ever rolling after any stranger that came into his presence, inasmuch as many for shame have left the room, as being out of countenance; his beard was very thin; his tongue too large for his mouth, which ever made him speak full in the mouth, and made him drink very uncomely, as if eating his drink, which came into the cup of each side of his mouth; his skin was as soft as taffeta sarsenet, which felt so because he never washed his hands, only rubbed his fingers' ends slightly with the wet end of a napkin; his legs were very weak, having had (as was thought) some foul play in his youth, or rather before he was born, that he was not able to stand at seven years of age, that weakness made him ever leaning on other men's shoulders. His walk was ever circular, his fingers ever in that walk fiddling about."

In the section entitled "State Affairs," in which the Tower plays a leading part in many a grim drama, graphic accounts are given of two tragical flights: the abortive elopement of the luckless Lady Arabella Stuart, and the escape and capture of Raleigh, after his last disastrous expedition. From "The Life of the People" we may glean sinister details of the plague, horrid tales of hangings, and many pitiful and sordid stories of the lamentable condition of the poor.

Mr. Culling Gaze sets out an imposing list of the authorities which he has consulted, including the State Papers of the period, and eight etchings of the city and the river from his own hand show that he has the capacity for capturing a visual impression of Old London as well as the fixity of purpose which is required to reassemble, as he has done, some of the makers and spectators of London's history.

THREE GOOD NOVELS.

"The Charming of Esterel." By GRACE RHYS. (Dent & Sons. 6s.)

"The Catfish." By CHARLES MARRIOTT. (Hurst & Blackett. 6s.)

"Malayan Monochromes." By Sir HUGH CLIFFORD. (Murray. 6s.)

IN "The Charming of Esterel" Mrs. Grace Rhys has achieved an unusual success. The historical romance has steadily lost ground in England in the degree that it has lost individuality and stiffened into formal patterns. To resuscitate the genus, what is wanted is that each author should make a close study of his chosen period, and should blend his historical colors according to his own temperament. History is a lifeless thing deprived of individual experience and interpretation. This Mrs. Rhys has evidently felt, and she has drawn on her own emotional experiences of Irish nature for her artistic vision of the life of Elizabethan Ulster. The period she has studied is that of Essex's last abortive campaign in the South of Ireland, while Tyrone sat still and safe in Ulster, guarding the Northern passes. Her reading of Essex's failure is that a trap was laid for him by Cecil and his soldier rivals on the Dublin Council, and that he was persuaded to go South against his better judgment. Esterel, the young Irish chieftain, is despatched by Tyrone on a mission to Dublin to propose a secret alliance between Essex and the O'Neills. In these Dublin scenes, Mrs. Rhys has caught admirably the Elizabethan atmosphere of intrigue and counter-intrigue to which so many powerful viceroys in turn succumbed. Esterel himself undergoes arrest, imprisonment, and torture in the foul pit of Dublin Castle, known as "the Grate," after his betrayal by Meraud Clancarty, the beauty he has scorned. The scene of his discovery and release, at Essex's instigation, is a powerful and sombre piece of description. But lifelike as are these Anglo-Irish scenes, they are inferior in animation and charm to the picture of the home-coming of Esterel to the Castle of Ardhoroe, bound, helpless, and sick, on the back of his great white stallion, Tamburlaine. Here Mrs. Rhys has created an Irish version of Mazeppa's ride, and so cunning is her insight into horse-nature that we fancy few experts would deny its possibility. The story is not only notably enriched by the prominent part the stallion plays in defence of his master, but owes its persuasive charm to the lifelike sketches of the Irish retainers, such as Owen Joy, the groom, young Murrough, the horse-boy, and Nurse Phaire. These types are all touched off with the intimacy and freshness of actual observation, and, indeed, there is scarcely a page in the novel that has anything of the make-believe air of the ordinary historical romance. Perhaps the rude, stern aspects of Elizabethan Ireland are too little dwelt on, but this will scarcely seem a fault to modern taste. However this may be, Mrs. Rhys's romance stands out from its class by its impress of personal style. The language, in its clear coloring, limpid ease, and freshness, is free, on the one hand, from Wardour Street archaism, and, on the other, from following modern modes. It is not, of course, written in Elizabethan English, but is so happily phrased as to seem a natural medium of communication between the characters and an audience of our time.

One always opens a new novel by Mr. Marriott with confidence; but after reading the first 200 pages of "The

Catfish," one wonders when he is going to reach the heart of his subject. Indeed, dull readers, put off by the author's leisurely preparation, while he is chatting amiably with us about his hero's career, might have failed to grasp that the catfish who introduces into George's life the "queer, unpleasant, disturbing touch of the Kingdom of Heaven," is the girl, Mary Festing, whom he fails to "have it out with" till the day before her sudden death. No doubt the author can plead, in his defence, that life itself is often as procrastinating as his plot, and that George's failure to find himself, and his tendency to potter along, occupying himself with the things he doesn't much want to do, is typical of the modern young man. But just as the historic cod, without its catfish, lived "slack, flabby, and limp in its tank," so George, out of touch with Mary Festing, is almost too colorless to be interesting. With the introduction of Mrs. Lorimer and her "lurking warmth" in Chapter XIII., the story really gets under weigh, and the last third of the book is so adroit in its situations, that one forgives the author's lagging. George, in fact, is "not himself at all" till a woman is in the case, and one wonders whether Mary Festing would not have lost her interest in him had he behaved all along less enigmatically. After his youthful seduction by Mrs. Lorimer, whose vice it is to deceive her patient husband and also to drink in secret, George discovers, despairingly, "that he loved Mary, that he had always loved her . . . and that if he could have come clean to her, he would have knelt and offered her the devotion of his heart. But that is now impossible." And so George drifts away again, and marries the "golden-hearted and golden-headed" Lesbia Garnett. The character-sketch of Lesbia, who is normal, large-minded, simple, and "in some ways adorably stupid," is clever. Yet some readers may want to shake Mr. Marriott for stopping short in his analysis, when once he has established that Lesbia can never fill Mary Festing's place in George's life. Mary, in fact, is the only woman who can rid George's soul of its superfluous husks, and the day that George discovers this is the day when Mary is drowned in the Bourne, intent on saving little Barbara, George's child. This last episode is treated with masterly, quiet power, and it draws together all the clues of subtle meaning that Mr. Marriott has strewn, perhaps with too careless a hand, throughout the book. To so dexterous an artist it is perhaps impertinent to offer advice, but "The Catfish" certainly suggests that the author should beware of overdoing his leisurely method. Is there not a little too much about the "cod" and not enough of the "catfish" in the story?

Sir Hugh Clifford continues his useful literary task of augmenting our scanty records of the Malayan peoples, and in "Malayan Monochromes" he has brought together a bundle of stories inspired by the intimate experience of a British Resident. As might naturally be expected, the most successful tales are those which are clever transcripts of incidents and episodes taken straight from life and least "worked up" into ambitious forms by the fancy. The creative imagination, of course, is a key necessary for the unlocking of the shuttered windows of the Oriental's soul, and in "The Familiar Spirit" the author may be congratulated on a most artistic piece of cynicism. The picture of the avaricious Malay king dying in state, amid the crowd of hypocritical courtiers, religious teachers, and youthful concubines, while at intervals he "gurgled out vows never more to do evil, to pray with regularity and precision, to forego gambling, and other pleasant vices, to spend much money in alms, and generally to be a credit to his ancestors and a glory to those who would come after him," is quite Voltairean, while the sequel of his astonishing recovery is a pleasing piece of irony. Nearly as good, in a blunter vein, is "Cholera on a Chinese Junk," a story in which we witness the immolation of all the sick men on deck, who are flung overboard to the sharks by their compatriots, in order to establish a clean bill of health to the English port authorities! The Dutch refuse the plague-stricken vessel a landing, but the humarer Englishmen tow the junk and the survivors to a quarantine island. A very English touch is contributed in the practical remark: "Do? What did we do? Oh, well, we rounded up the corpses first. One had to think of the effect on the fishing industry!" A clever study of the Malay's susceptibility to superstitious fears is the

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tale "The Nature of an Oath," where Abdul Rahman, the returned atheist, succumbs to the pressure of public opinion and of his guilty conscience, after having sworn falsely on the Koran in the mosque before all his assembled villagers. Less successful is "The Skulls in the Forest," in which the author tries vainly to play on his reader's superstitious feeling; and curiously romantic in its crudity is "Our Trusty and Well Beloved," a sketch which narrates the adventure of a Colonial Governor, who seeks to escape for a night from the responsibilities of office, and explore the native quarter. In "The Appointed Hour" and "Max Arif, the Elemental," Sir Hugh Clifford perhaps comes nearest to portraying the ruling impulses of passionate Malay nature, and these two sketches satisfy us more than the touching "Two Little Slave Girls," where the British love of a sentimental situation finds, perhaps, overmuch play. The account of an "English Soldier's desertion to the Legion of Strangers," and of his duel, with rifles, with a German bully, is obviously an honest narrative transcribed from life, but the author has failed to make due allowance for his hero's patriotic bias. The last tale, "In the Half-Light," conveys, to a surprising degree, a critical commentary on Sir Hugh Clifford's outlook, insight, native sympathies, artistic skill, and limitations. Up to a point the artist sways our sympathies, and then suddenly, towards the close, the British official takes over the helm, and insists on declaring the faith that is in him. From the point of view of our British achievement in our Far Eastern dependencies, "Malayan Monochromes" is a valuable document, well worth the attention of future historians. And, apart from this aspect, this volume, which makes capital reading, is, we think, the most notable its author has yet produced.

BOOKS IN BRIEF.

"Symbol and Satire in the French Revolution." By ERNEST F. HENDERSON. (Putnam. 12s. 6d. net.)

MR. HENDERSON has brought together a very interesting collection of caricatures, cartoons, and symbolical pictures, taken from the Broadsides and "Almanachs" which were so popular during the Revolution and which played so large a part in both royalist and anti-royalist propaganda. Unfortunately, he has accompanied it by a history of the Revolution which is not only decidedly prejudiced in its point of view, but which also contains some quite inexcusable blunders. Madame de Tourzel's "Mémoires," for example, have quite disposed of the statement of Bouillé, which Mr. Henderson repeats, that her insistence upon etiquette was largely responsible for the capture of the Royal party at Versailles. Danton was so far from being "probably one of the chief instigators of the massacres" of September, that there are letters of his which show how deeply he felt the stain they left upon the cause of the Revolution. The Abbé Edgeworth never uttered the traditional words at Louis XVI.'s execution with which Mr. Henderson credits him. To say that Fouquier-Tuiville "had advocated bleeding the condemned that they might give the executioner less trouble" is doubly inaccurate. The suggestion came, not from Fouquier, but from a juror of the Revolutionary Tribunal, and it was made, not to give the executioner less trouble, but in order that the condemned should not impress the mob by their steadfast bearing on the way to the scaffold. Such mistakes as these are quite inexcusable in a writer who tells us that he has "consulted original authorities for every phase of the subject," and who ostentatiously corrects a few trifling inaccuracies in M. Aulard's volumes.

"Scottish Life and Poetry." By LAUGHLAN MACLEAN WATT. (Nisbet. 12s. 6d. net.)

MR. WATT'S survey of Scottish poetry extends from the days of St. Patrick, "the Scotsman who won Ireland to Christian civilisation," down to the end of the nineteenth century. Its leading characteristic is an enthusiasm which sometimes leads the writer into a degree of praise which more critical readers will consider excessive. Mr. Watt is fond of picturesque phrases, and indulges himself in them to an extent that makes his book rather rhetorical in tone, but though the reader may regret this, he must acknowledge

that the author's emotion is genuine. Scotland has certainly contributed her share to our poetic treasury, and this book will remind Southern readers that not a few poets whom we frequently class as English were of Scottish birth. Mr. Watt ends with a hope that the reviving sense of nationality in Scotland will be followed by "a quickened and quickening interest in the literary possessions, and a deeper study of the poetic treasures, which belong to the northern race," but he has to admit that it is, to say the least, questionable whether there can again be a great poetic utterance in the vernacular idiom, at any rate outside of Aberdeenshire and Forfarshire.

* * *

Tariffs at Work: An Outline of Practical Tariff Administration. By J. H. HIGGINSON. (P. S. King. 2s. net.)

MR. HIGGINSON's contribution to the tariff problems largely eschews the political and economic aspect, and is in no sense propagandist. It is concerned with the exposition of tariff machinery from the administrative point of view, and handles its intricacies with much skill in the marshalling of statistics and the collation of facts. The multiple difficulties incident to the task are indeed so formidable that none but a trained expert, habituated to summary and classification, could have attempted it with any success. The inelastic Single Tariff System, applicable only to nations with sparse industries and but little correspondence with foreign markets, has been largely discarded by the big Powers who have adopted either the general and conventional system, implying reciprocity by the interchange of tariff treaties and concessions, or the Maximum and Minimum System, consisting of a fixed and stable schedule of rates of duty. The differentiation is, of course, inexact, and the author is wise to indicate in what countries an intermediate system exists and in what cases there are points of coincidence in the working of these two highly specialised systems. He has an instructive chapter upon the advantages and disadvantages of *ad valorem* and specific duties. The administration of the former is attended, especially in the United States, by widespread imposture and corruption, which the precautionary measures of certified invoices and of expert valuation cannot prevent. The latter offers fewer opportunities for fraud, but requires elaborate machinery. Among others, there are useful chapters on bonded warehouses and the prevention of smuggling.

* * *

"The Romance of Sandro Botticelli." By A. J. ANDERSON. (Stanley Paul. 10s. 6d. net.)

ONE is justified in calling this volume a sequel to its author's "Romance of Fra Filippo Lippi." Botticelli was the favorite pupil of Fra Filippo, and the reconstruction of his life, as given here, starts with an imaginary picture of his apprenticeship in the Fra's bottega. Like the previous volume, this one is extremely sympathetic, both in its interpretation of the principal characters and of the social atmosphere of Quattrocentist Florence; the chief difference being that as history has not provided Botticelli's career with a love interest, Mr. Anderson has been constrained to invent one. Dominica and Hilda, models in the school of the Pollaioli, where Sandro went to study anatomy, are fictitious characters introduced as inamoratas of the more earthly kind; Madonna Giovanna Tornabuoni is made to play the part of platonic associate. With these unreal and real personages in the foreground, and a background of the Medici circle, in which one catches glimpses of Politian and Leonardo, the tale moves pleasantly to its quietly tragic conclusion, in which Sandro's loss of popularity is suggestively traced to the growing Florentine demand for realism in painting. And this reminds us that Mr. Anderson shows a first-hand and very real appreciation of the character of Botticelli's art, so that a third element, that of aesthetic criticism, must be added to this entertaining *potpourri* of historical fact and fiction.

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the well, of scenes on the threshing floor, and of fishing in the Lake of Galilee, read like Old Testament idylls. The Bedaween still live in tents of goat's or camel's hair, carry a sling and stone as they guard their sheep, and still punish murder through the agency of the avenger of blood. The fellahs who live in houses are hardly less primitive in their ways, and Mr. Neil tells us that the plough still employed is so primitive that it does little more than scratch the soil. Mr. Neil enables his readers to understand the conditions that still prevail in Palestine, and that differ in no essentials from those of Biblical times. The colored illustrations by Mr. James Clark, Mr. Macpherson Haye, and Mr. S. B. Carlile add greatly to the value of the book.

* * *

"*Mme Autobiography.*" By Madame JUDITH. Edited by PAUL G'SELL. Translated by Mrs ARTHUR BELL. (Nash. 10s. 6d. net.)

MADAME JUDITH, of the Comédie Française, has been able, as she says, during her long life to study many people and to witness many events. The people were for the most part ladies of the theatre and their protectors in high life, and though the events include the revolution of 1848, Madame Judith has nothing of value to tell us about them. In fact, the book has little to recommend it, except that some future historian may turn to it for a picture of the very loose state of morals that prevailed in certain circles under Louis Philippe and the Second Empire. Madame Judith's anecdotes of Dumas, Victor Hugo, and other famous literary men, are not new, and we can hardly credit, without further evidence, her statement that Emile de Girardin was bribed by Guizot at an interview brought about through the agency of Buloz at Madame Judith's house. There is also a story that the Duke of Reichstadt died from poison, administered by order of Metternich, which ought to be received with similar caution.

* * *

"*An Artist in Egypt.*" Written and Illustrated by WALTER TYNDALE, R.I. (Hodder & Stoughton. 20s. net.)

THIS handsome book is welcome, not only for its own sake, but because it recalls one of the most fascinating of recent books on Egyptian travel: Mr. Arthur Weigall's "Travels in the Upper Egyptian Deserts." Mr. Tyndale was one of the party that accompanied Mr. Weigall's expedition from the Nile to Kosseir, and those who remember the record of that journey will be glad of the opportunity to read the supplementary account that occupies the concluding chapters of this volume. Unfortunately, the author's connection with the expedition was cut short by an attack of pneumonia; but we, at any rate, are the gainers by a lively narrative of his experiences under rough-and-ready doctoring and in a native hospital at Assiout. Apart from this, Mr. Tyndale knows his Egypt, and more especially his Cairo, through oft-repeated visits. He has studied the people, not less than the picturesque Oriental quarters, the mosques, and other buildings. He gives us most interesting chapters on the Coptic convents of Wadi Natrum, on his experiences of Mohammedan festivals, his experiments as an amateur doctor, and other matters, varying from tourists (and the Egyptian concept of them) to native dignitaries and the little vanities of the Egyptian woman. His "dissertation on Tommy Atkins" in Egypt goes to suggest that the Nationalist objection to the principle of the British domination by no means precludes good-fellowship between the native and the British private. Mr. Tyndale has delved into the romantic chapters of recent Egyptian history, and re-tells some good stories, among which one may call attention to the grim tragedy of that human tigress, the Princess Zohra. The capable artists who have pictured Egypt in color are legion, and though Mr. Tyndale takes a good place among them, we should hesitate to say that his drawings strike any very distinctive note. But they are good, clean craftsmanship, with a due regard to the laws of tonality, and, as illustrations, pleasantly illuminate the text.

* * *

"*By Flood and Field: Adventures Ashore and Afloat in North Australia.*" By ALFRED SEARCY. (Bell. 6s. net.)

MR. SEARCY's reminiscences of the Northern Territory of Australia have the flavor of the bushranger stories that thrilled our youth. There is the same atmosphere of life lightly held; of desperate crime and rough justice; of

elemental kindness and brutal cruelty jostling each other. But we seriously doubt whether any industrious compiler of bushranger fiction ever produced so rich a variety of excitement as Mr. Searcy's personal narrative provides. To say that it contains an adventure on every page is to underestimate its wealth; and, with the exception of a few pages of statistical matter in the introduction, it is adventure all through. The author gained his first experience of savage tribes through being blown out to sea while fishing off Selaru Island. Taken on board a Malayan pros, whose crew were in a similar plight to himself, he ultimately found land with his companions, and began his acquaintance with the aboriginal blacks with a sufficiently horrible tragedy. Drifting to Port Darwin, he found a congenial billet as a Customs officer; later he joined the police. We shall not spoil the reader's pleasure in the book by detailing any of the encounters with savages, alligators, serpents, and the various other opportunities of danger and death with which he hob-nobbed every other day. Let it suffice that the wild life, and the fulness and glory thereof, are presented here in characters that can hardly fail to appeal to the lover of romantic sensation. The volume has some capital photographs.

* * *

"*Sappho and the Island of Lesbos.*" By MARY MILLS PATRICK, Ph.D. (Methuen. 3s. 6d. net.)

So little is known about Sappho that to fill her small volume of less than two hundred pages, Miss Patrick has found it necessary to give chapters on "The Age of Sappho," "Some of Sappho's Contemporaries," "Mitylene," and "Sappho in Literature," as well as those bearing directly on Sappho's life and work, and a translation of the fragments of her poetry that have survived. The monograph contains all that is known about "The Poetess," and it clears Sappho's reputation from the attacks of the Athenian comedy-writers of the fourth century, and from the scandals attributed to her in Ovid's heroic epistle. Instead of a type of ill-starred passion, Miss Patrick shows her to be a "schoolma'am" of high moral ideals, who formed one of the first literary salons, and wrote poetry "of noble and exalted nature." The story of her suicide, by throwing herself from the Leukadian rock into the sea, is dismissed as a myth, while the dramas and poems in which she appears in later literature do not, says Miss Patrick, in any sense represent the real Sappho.

* * *

"*The Catholic Encyclopædia.*" Volumes XII., XIII., XIV. (Caxton Publishing Co. 27s. 6d. per volume.)

THIS work of reference, now nearing its conclusion, retains the qualities to which attention has been called in our notices of former volumes. It is handsomely got up and illustrated—many of the reproductions of portraits and well-known works of art being really admirable. It contains voluminous information on various subjects; and on neutral topics—the article on the Psalms and Odes of Solomon is an example—this information is accurate and up-to-date. On contentious ground this detachment is not to be expected; and, from the standpoint of the public to which the Encyclopædia appeals, would be out of place. We are told, e.g., and by no less an authority than M. Georges Goyau, of the "Revue des Deux Mondes," that "a suddenly discovered plot, an exemplary chastisement, administered to insure the safety of the royal family, such was the light in which Gregory XIII. viewed the St. Bartholomew massacre"; and an American Benedictine writes, in an article on Pius IX., that "though misunderstandings and malice combined in representing the Syllabus (of 1864) as a veritable embodiment of religious narrow-mindedness and cringing servility to Papal authority, it has done an inestimable service to the Church and to society at large, by unmasking the false Liberalism which had begun to insinuate its subtle poison into the very marrow of Catholicism." The famous Monsignor Benigni, it may be noted, in his notice of the reigning Pontiff, strikes a relatively moderate note. Pius X. "has at heart, above all things, the purity of the faith. . . . Even non-Catholics recognise his apostolic spirit, his strength of character, the precision of his decisions, and his pursuit of a clean and explicit programme." With this estimate most will agree.

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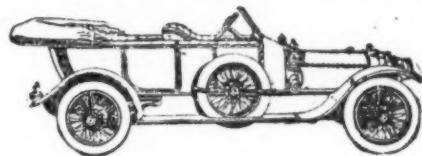
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IN spite of the reduction in the Bank rate and Lord Rothschild's expression of optimism at the Alliance Meeting, the Stock Exchange shows as yet no signs of speculative animation. The markets indeed are firmer, and the last new issues, especially the Argentine and Brazilian loans, have gone off remarkably well. The position on the whole looks promising, but cautiousness still prevails. The Nancy affair and the ill-feeling between the Balkan States are set off against the Scutari settlement and the quieter tone in Russia. Then, again, huge demands on the Capital Market are impending. Turkey cannot pay its short-dated securities, and all the Allies seem to have been financing themselves by short-dated obligations in Paris and St. Petersburg. Loans running up to a hundred millions may be apprehended in payment for the war, to say nothing of what will be required to set the little States on their legs. Then there are rumors that the China Loan is again on the point of being floated. And Japan, which had forsaken further borrowing in Europe, has been compelled by sheer impetuosity to contract an £8,000,000 railway loan in Paris. However, if the peace settlement progresses, all may go well. From the ease of the Money Market and the weakness of discounts, it is clear that another reduction of the Bank rate is anticipated. The hoardings must be returning to circulation in the three Polands, and in this country there are probably large private deposits awaiting investment; for we have had a very long period of highly profitable trade, which may perhaps now be on the verge of a decline. The Wall Street position is interesting. Some of the high tariff businesses, especially in the woollen trade, are in a bad way, and there have been some bank failures in New England. But there is no sign of wavering about the tariff, and many expect that it will go through and receive the President's signature before August. Wall Street, however, is rather spiritless, and any movement in this market is likely to come from repurchases in Europe.

ANGLO-ARGENTINE TRAMS.

When the directors of the Anglo-Argentine Tramways Company took the shareholders into their confidence with reference to the substitution of underground lines for certain of the surface lines in the heart of Buenos Ayres, and proposed to create £6,000,000 of debentures for the purpose, there was a certain amount of weakness in the securities. The directors hastened to mention that the £6,000,000 would not all be required at once, and as the stock was to be placed in front of the existing preference shares, an extra $\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. interest was given to the holders. It is only natural, perhaps, that the yields on the Preference shares should be higher than they were before, in view of the general rise in investment yields; but it is just a question whether the decline has not gone too far in view of the growth of the company's traffic. The report for 1912, which has just been published, shows that an ordinary dividend of 8½ per cent. was earned after meeting all charges and expenses, representing £200,000, so that Debenture interest and Preference dividends are well covered. In the year, only £90,000 of interest on the new stock was charged to reserve, and when all has been issued and the works are completed, the annual charge for interest will be £300,000, in addition to which there will be the sinking fund, which commences in 1916. In the last two years income has expanded by about £100,000, and if this rate of increase is maintained, the Preference share dividends will be quite safe. The past two years have not been particularly good from the point of general Argentine trade, and holders of Second Preference shares have no reason for anxiety yet awhile. The Ordinary shares

are all practically held in Argentina, and it may be taken for granted that the directors see their way to make the subways a commercial success. The Preference shares and Debentures give the following yields at present:—

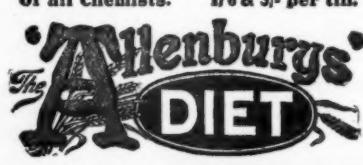
	1912.	Present	Yield.
	Highest.	Lowest.	Price
4 per cent. Debenture Stock	97½	9½	4 6 0
4½ per cent. Debenture Stock	103½	98	4 11 0
5 per cent. Debenture Stock	105½	98	5 1 0
5½ per cent. 1st Preference Shares	5 17-32	4 13-16	4½ 5 12 9
5½ per cent. 2nd Preference Shares	5 11-32	4 11-16	4 11-16 5 17 3

The company's property becomes the property of the Municipality in 1990 without compensation or payment of any kind, and sinking funds, for the repayment of all the share capital, are set aside out of each year's earnings and invested in first-class securities.

INSURANCE AS A MEANS OF INVESTMENT.

Many persons have probably noticed insurance companies' advertisements bearing a somewhat similar heading to that of this paragraph, but few no doubt have taken the trouble to investigate the investment claims of an insurance policy. The endowment assurance however, which is the most popular form of insurance nowadays, has a distinct claim to be considered among investments, for when the life survives and the policy matures the assured is simply in the position of receiving a lump sum in return for his annual payments. He has had a life assurance all the time which, in reality, has cost him nothing. To take an actual example, the premium quoted by a leading insurance company for an endowment assurance on the life of a man aged thirty, to be payable at the end of thirty years, is £2 17s. 3d. per cent. From this we may deduct income-tax, as up to one-sixth of a man's income he may claim abatement of tax in respect of life assurance premiums. This makes the net premium £2 14s. At the end of thirty years, if the life survives, £100 will be payable, and this will represent the return of all the premiums with compound interest on them at the rate of about 1½ per cent. This looks small, but if we turn to the premium which the same company charges for a life insurance alone, with no return whatever unless the life dies, we find the rate is about 28s. per cent., so that if the life insurance is not regarded as valueless, the return is really very good. A very much better showing, however, is made by with-profit policies, because the insurance is in the form of a gradually increasing one. The premium quoted for the same assurance "with" profits by a company paying a reversionary bonus at the rate of 35s. per cent. per annum is £3 7s. 6d., or, deducting income-tax, £3 3s. 7d. Now, assuming the bonus to be maintained at the same rate, the policy would amount at the end of the term to £170—a return of all premiums together with 3½ per cent. compound interest and a life assurance all the time. The with profit endowment assurance policy, therefore, is so cheap as to make it almost attractive as an investment alone. Where the need for life assurance exists, it may really be said that the insurance protection is obtained free of cost.

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strike. The directors have transferred £5,000 to form the nucleus of a benevolent fund for the staff.

I now have pleasure in moving: "That the report of the directors and the accounts and balance-sheet, submitted to this meeting, be, and the same are hereby, received and adopted, and that a dividend of eight per cent. per annum (less income-tax) for the period November 14th, 1911, to December 31st, 1912, be, and the same is hereby, declared on the ordinary shares."

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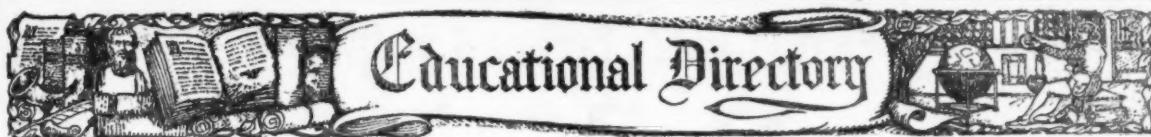
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